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The Merchant's Clerk.

Passages from the Diary of a late London Physician.

(CONTINUED FROM OUR LAST NUMBER.)

I called in the evening—according to the promise I had made to Mrs. Elliott—on her husband, to see how he bore the discovery of his wife's sudden departure.

"How is Mr. Elliott?" I inquired of the woman of the house, who opened the door. "Is he at home?"

"Why, yes—but he's in a sad way, sir, indeed, about Mrs. Elliott's going. He's eaten nothing all day."

He was sitting at a table when I entered, with a solitary candle, and Mrs. Elliott's letter lying open before him.

"Oh! doctor, is not this worse than death?" he exclaimed. "Am I not left alone to be the prey of Satan?"

"Come, come, Mr. Elliott, moderate your feelings! Learn the lesson your incomparable wife has taught you—patience and resignation."

"It is a heavy lesson. But can a fond heart be?" he replied vehemently, on a tone and with an air that quite startled me. "Here I am left alone by God and man to be the sport of devils, and I am!—What curse is there that has not fallen, or is falling upon me? I feel assured," he continued, gloomily, "that my Mary is taken from me for ever. Oh, do not tell me otherwise—I feel—I know it! I have brought her ruin upon her! I have brought her to beggary by an unnatural, a wicked attachment! The curses of disobedience to parents are upon both of us! Yet our misery might have touched any heart except that of her fiendish father. Ah! he buries her mother to-morrow! To-morrow, then, I will be there! The earth shall not fall upon her before he looks upon me! How I will make the old man shake beside the grave he must soon drop into!—He drew a long breath—'Let him curse me!—Curse her—Curse us both—Curse our child! Then and there'——

"*The curse causeless shall not come,*" I interrupted.

"Ay, causeless! That's the thing! Causeless!" He paused. "Forgive me," he added, after a heavy sigh, resuming his usual manner; "I forgive—I have forgiven—but you wonder at it? Poor Mary's letter (here it is) has almost killed me! I have been to the place where she is, but I dared not go in to see her. Oh! doctor, *will* she be taken care of?" suddenly seizing my hand with convulsive energy.

"The very greatest care will be taken of her—the greatest skill in London will be instantly at her command in case of the slightest necessity for it—as well as every possible comfort and convenience that her situation can require. If it will be any consolation to you, I assure you I intend visiting her myself every day."—And by these means I hope to succeed in recovering something like calmness to him. The excitement occasioned by his unexpected discovery of his wife's absence, and its touching reason, had been aggravated by the unfavourable opinion he had formed of her husband, who had not, that morning expressed—alas, I feared but too justly—by the able and experienced oculist under whose care she was placed. He had in much alarm heard Mr.——ask him several questions respecting the duration of her symptoms and sensations about his eyes, which he was forced to answer in the affirmative; and the alarming effect of these inquiries was not dissipated by the cautious replies of Mr.——to his questioner, as he phrased it, "about her mother." I assured him that nothing on earth could so effectually serve him as the cultivation of calm and composed habits of mind; for that the affection of his eyes depended almost entirely upon the condition of his nervous system. I got him to promise me that he would abandon his wild and useless promise of attending the funeral of Mrs. Hillary—and I would call upon him, accompanied by his little son, about noon the next day, and also bring him tidings concerning Mrs. Elliott.

I was as good as my words; but not he. The woman of the house told me that he had left home about twelve o'clock, "but did not say when he would return. He has gone to church, as I afterwards learnt from him. He watched the funeral procession into the church, from a place by himself in a pew which commanded a near view of that occupied by the chief mourner, Mr. Hillary, who, however, never once raised his head from the handkerchief in which he seemed to be constantly weeping. When the body was borne to the grave, Elliott followed, and took his place beside the grave as near Mr. Hillary as the attendants and the crowd would admit of. He several times formed the determination to throw himself at the feet of his father and public appeal to Hillary on the subject of his deserted daughter—but his tongue failed him, his feelings overpowered him; and he staggered from where he stood to an adjoining tombstone, against which he leaned till the well and solemn words were concluded, and the mourners began to return. Once more, with desperate purpose, he approached the procession, and came up to Mr. Hillary just as he was being assisted into the coach.

"Look on me, sir," said he, suddenly tapping Mr. Hillary upon the shoulder. The old man seemed paralyzed for a moment, and stared at him as if he did not know the strange intruder.

"Mr. Elliott, sir—your forsaken daughter is my heart-broken—starving wife! do you relent, sir?"

"Elliott!—Keep him away—keep him away, for God's sake!" exclaimed Mr. Hillary, his face distorted with alarm and horror; and attendants violently dragged the intruder from the spot where he was standing, and kept him at a distance till the coach containing Mr. Hillary had driven off. Elliott then returned home, which he reached about two o'clock after I called. He paid me a visit in the evening, and I was glad to see him so much calmer than I had expected. He apologized with much earnestness for his breach of faith. He said he had found it impossible to resist the impulse which led him, in spite of all he had said ever night, to attend the funeral; for he had persuaded himself of the more than possibility that his sudden and startling appearance at so solemn a moment might have an altering effect on his daughter's feelings toward him. He gave me a full account of what had happened, and assured me with a melancholy air that he had now satisfied himself—that he had nothing to hope for further—nothing to dread from the worst—and that to my injunctions and those of his surgical adviser at the infirmary. He told me that he had seen Mrs. Elliott about an hour before, and had left her in comparatively good spirits—but the people at the hospital had told him that *her* confinement was hourly expected.

"I wonder," said he, and sighed profoundly "what effect her death would have upon Mr. Hillary? Would he cast off her children—as he has cast her off? Would his hatred follow her into the grave!—Now what should you say doctor?"

The matter-of-fact, not to say indifferent air, with which this very grave question was put, not a little surprised me. "Why, he must be obdurate indeed if such were to be the case, I answered. "I am in hopes, however, that in spite of all that has happened he will ere long be brought to a sense of his guilt and cruelty to so long forgiving the dictates of conscience—the voice of nature. When he finds himself alone"——

Elliott shook his head.——

"It must be a thundering blow, doctor, that would make his iron heart feel—and—that blow"—he sighed—"may come much sooner, it may be"—he shuddered, and looked at me with a wild air of apprehension.

"Let us hope for the best, however, Mr. Elliott! Rely upon it, the present calmness of your inestimable wife affords grounds for the happiest expectations concerning the approaching——"

"Ah! I hope you may not be mistaken. Her former accouchement was a long and dangerous one."

"Perhaps the very reason why her present may be an easy one!" He looked at me mournfully.

"And suppose it be so—what a home has the poor creature to return to after her suffering! Is that a dreary prospect?"

It was growing late, however, and presently taking my leave, I bade a cordial farewell to poor Elliott, and shook hands with him for the last time in this world. I was detained by my patients till about twelve o'clock, but walking calmly to and fro before the gates. What anguish was written in his features! But a smile passed over them—a joyful air, as he told me, before I could quit my carriage, that all was still going on well. It was so, I ascertained; and on returning from the hospital, I almost forced him into my carriage, and drove off to his lodgings, where I stayed till he had got into bed, and had solemnly promised me to remain there till I called in the evening.

For three days Mrs. Elliott continued in the most critical circumstances; during which her husband was almost every other hour at the hospital, and at length so wearied every one with his anxious and incessant inquiries, that they would hardly give him civil answers any longer. Had I not twice bled him with my own hand, and myself administered to him soothing and lowering medicines, he would certainly, I think, have gone raving mad. On the fifth day Mrs. Elliott was pronounced out of danger, but continued, of course, in a very exhausted state.—Her first inquiries were about her husband, then her little Henry; and on receiving a satisfactory answer, a sweet and sad smile stole over her features, and her feeble fingers gently compressed mine. Before I quitted her, she asked whether her husband might be permitted to see her—I of course answered in the negative. A tear stole down her cheek, but she did not attempt to utter a syllable.

The presence of professional engagements did not admit of my seeing Mr. Elliott more than once or twice during the next week. I frequently heard of him, however, at the hospital, where he called constantly three times a day; but had not yet been permitted to see Mrs. Elliott, who was considered, and in my opinion justly, unequal to the excitement of such an interview.

The dreadful mental agony in which he had spent the last fortnight, was calculated to produce the most fatal effects upon his system—of which, indeed, he seemed himself but too conscious, for every symptom of which he had complained was most fearfully aggravated.—Nevertheless, I could not prevail upon him—at least, he said, for the present—to continue his visits to the Eye Infirmary. He said, with a melancholy air, that he had too many, and very different matters to attend to—and he must postpone, for the present, all attention to his own complaints. Alas! he *had* many other subjects of anxiety than his own ailments! Supposing his wife to be restored to him, even in a moderate degree of strength and convalescence—what prospect was before them! What means of obtaining a livelihood? What chance was there of her inexorable old father changing his cold purpose!—Was his wife then to quit the scene of her almost mortal sufferings, only to perish before his eyes—of want—and her father wallowing in wealth!—the thought was horrible!—Elliott sat at home, alone, thinking of these things, and shuddered; he quitted his home and wandered through the streets with vacant eye and blighted heart—" He wanderth abroad for bread, saying, where is it? He knoweth that the day of darkness is ready at his hand.'*

Friday. This morning my wife called, at my suggestion, to see Mrs. Elliott, accompanied by her little boy, whom I had perceived she was pining to see. I thought they might meet without affording ground for uneasiness as to the result.

"My little Henry!" exclaimed a low soft voice as my wife and child were silently ushered into the room where lay Mrs. Elliott, wasted almost to a shadow, her face and hands,—said my wife—white as the lily. 'Come, love—kiss me!' she faintly murmured; and my wife brought the child to the bed-side, and lifting him upon her knee, inclined his face towards his mother. She feebly placed her arm around his neck, and pressed him to her bosom.

'Let me see his face!' she whispered, removing her arm.

She gazed tenderly at him for some minutes: the child looking first at her and then at my wife with mingled fear and surprise.

'*How like his father!*' she murmured—kiss me again, love!—Don't be afraid of your poor mother, Harry!' Her eyes filled with tears. 'Am I so altered?' said she to my wife, who stammered yes and no in one breath.

'Has he been a good boy?'

"Very—very'—replied my wife, turning aside her head, unable for a moment to look either mother or son in the face. Mrs. Elliott perceived my wife's emotion, and her chill fingers gently grased her hand.

'Does he say his prayers?—you've not forgotten that, Harry!'

'The child, whose little breast was beginning to heave, shook his head, and faped a faint—'No, mamma!'

'God bless thee, my darling!' exclaimed his mother, in a low tone, closing her eyes—'He will not desert thee—nor thy parents!—He feeds the young ravens when they cry!' She paused, and the tears trembled through her almost transparent eyelids. My wife, who had with the utmost difficulty restrained her feelings, leaned over the poor sufferer, pressed her lips to her forehead, and gently taking the child with her, stepped hastily from the room. As soon as they had got into the matron's parlour, where my wife sat down for a few moments, her little companion burst into tears, and cried as if his heart would break. The matron tried to pacify him, but in vain. 'I hope, ma'am,' said she, to my wife, 'he did not cry in this way before his mother'—Dr.——and Mr.——both say that she must not be agitated in any way, or they will not answer for the consequence.—At this moment I made my appearance, having called, in passing, to pay a visit to Mrs. Elliott, and bearing how much her late interview had overcome her, I left, taking my wife and little Elliott—still sobbing—with me, and promised to call on, if possible, in the evening. I did so, accordingly; and when I had leaved my wife at home for the emotion occasioned by her first interview with her child, since her illness. She expressed herself very grateful to me for the care which she said we had evidently taken of him—' and how like he resembled his father!'—she repeated, but promising to call upon her either on Sunday or Monday. I resolved to do nothing rashly; for it glanced across my mind, as *possible*, that Elliott might not really carried into execution the dreadful intention he had stole into the room, but had resorted to a stratagem only in order to terrify Mr. Hillary into a reconciliation. This notion took such full possession of my heated imagination, that I at length lost sight of all the glaring improbabilities attending it. I, however, abroad the first paragraph that fell under my hurried eye, in scanning over the papers of Monday, was the following:—

'On Saturday, about 8 o'clock in the morning, some labourers discovered the body of a man of respectable appearance, apparently about thirty years old, floating, without a hat, in the New River. It was immediately taken out of the water, but life seemed to have been for some hours extinct. One or two persons recognized and blotted with the water to afford any clue to the identity of the unfortunate person. The body lies at the Red Bear public house, where a coroner's inquest is summoned for to-day at 12 o'clock.'

I drove off to the place mentioned in the paragraph, and arrived there just as the jury was assembling. There was a considerable crowd about the doors. I sent in my card; and stating that I had a deposition to make respecting the body for which the inquest was summoned, I was allowed to view the corpse, and ushered at once into the room where it lay.

I wish Mr. Hillary could have entered that room with me, and have stood beside me, as I stepped shuddering forward and perceived that I was looking upon—HIS VICTIM! The body lay with its wet clothes undisturbed, just as it had been taken out of the water. The damp hair—the eyes wide open—the hands clenched as if in the agonies of death.

Here lay the husband of Mrs. Elliott—the fond object of her unconquerable love! This was he to whom she had written so tenderly on quitting home! Here lay he whom she had so sweetly consoled by almost dying expressions of love! This was he to whom, with a pious confidence, she had predicted her speedy and happy return! This was the father of her sweet boy who sate pratingly at my table only that moment! The recollection of this, I mention, that—that you may live to repent what you have done; to redress the wrongs you have committed! Your poor persecuted daughter, Mr. Hillary, is not dead. He uttered a sudden sharp cry that startled me; grasped my hands, and carried them to his lips, kissed them in a kind of ecstacy.

'Tell me—say plainly—only say—that Mary is alive'——

'Well, then, sir, your daughter is alive, but'——

'He fell upon his knees, and groaned. 'Oh God, I thank thee! I thank thee! How I thank thee!'

'I waited till he had in some measure recovered from the violent agitation of his mind; my words had thrown him, and assisted in loosening his shirt-collar, and neck-handkerchief, which seemed to oppress him.

'*Who*—then—he stammered—' who was—*found murdered*—instead of your poor child?'

'Her poor broken-hearted husband, sir, who will be buried at my expense in a day or two.'

He covered his face with his hands, and cried bitterly.

'This letter was written by him to you, sir, and he sent it to me only a few hours, it seems, before he destroyed himself, and commissioned me to deliver it to you. Is not his blood, sir, lying at your door?'

'Oh! Lord, have mercy on me! Lord—Christ—forgive me! Lord, forgive a guilty old sinner,' he groaned, striking upon his knees, and wringing his hands. 'I—I am his murderer! I feel—I know it!'

'Shall I read to you, sir, his last words?' said I.

'Yes, but—they'll choke me. I can't bear them. He sank back exhausted upon the sofa. I took up the letter, which had remained untouched. My wife and I interchanged but few and melancholy words; our noisy, lively, little guest was not present to disturb, by his innocent sallies, the mournful silence; for, unable to bear his presence, I had directed that he should not be brought down that day. I had written to Mrs. Elliott a brief and hasty line, saying—that I had *just seen Mr. Elliott!* but that it would be impossible for either of us to call upon her that day! adding that I would certainly call upon her the day after—and—Heaven pardon the equivocation!—bring Mr. Elliott, *if possible*, which I feared might be doubtful as his eyes were under very active treatment.

I have had to encounter in my time many, very many trying and terrible scenes, but I never approached any with so much apprehension and anxiety as the one now cast upon me. Fortifying myself with a few glasses of wine, I put Mr. Elliott's letter to Mr. Hillary in my pocket-book, and drove off for ——— Square. I reached the house about eight o'clock. My servant, by my direction, thundered impetuously at the door—a startling summons I intended it to be! The porter threw open the door almost before my servant had removed his hand from the knocker.

'Is Mr. Hillary at home?' I inquired, stepping hurriedly from my carriage, with the fearful letter in my hand. 'He is, sir, said the man, with a flurried air—'But—he—he—does not receive company, sir, since my mistress's death.'

'Take my card to him sir. My name is Dr.——. I must see Mr. Hillary instantly.'

I waited in the hall for a few moments, and then received a message, requesting me to walk into the back drawing-room. There I saw Miss Gubbley, as the servant told me—alone, and dressed in deep mourning. What I had heard of this woman inspired me with the utmost contempt and hatred for her. What a countenance! Meanness, malice, cunning, and sycophancy seemed struggling for the ascendant in its expression.

'Pardon me, madam—my business,' said I, impatiently, 'is not with you, but with Mr. Hillary. Him I must see, and immediately.'

'Dr.——, what is the matter?' she inquired with mingled anger and anxiety in her countenance.

'I have a communication, madam, for Mr. Hillary's private ear—and must see him. I insist upon seeing him immediately.'

'This is strange conduct, sir—really,' said Miss Gubbley, in an impudent manner, but her features becoming every moment paler and paler.

'Have you his already'——

'I unceremoniously pushed the malignant little parasite aside, opened the folding doors, and stepped instantly into the presence of the man I at once desired and dreaded to see. He sat on the sofa, in the attitude and with the expression of a man who had been suddenly aroused from sleep.

'Dr.——!' he exclaimed, with an astonished and angry air—' Your servant doctor!—What's the meaning of all this?'

'I am sorry to intrude upon you, Mr. Hillary—especially after the unpleasant manner in which your acquaintance was terminated—but—I have a dreadful duty to perform'—pointing to the letter I held, and turning towards him its black seal. He saw it. He seemed rather startled or alarmed: motioned me, with a quick anxious bow, to take a seat, and resumed his own.

'Excuse me, Mr. Hillary—but we must be *alone*,' said I pointing to Miss Gubbley, who had followed me with a suspicious and insolent air, exclaiming, as she stepped hastily towards Mr. Hillary—'Don't *suffer* this conduct, sir! It's very incorrect—very, sir.'

'We *must* be alone, sir,' I repeated, calmly and peremptorily, 'or I shall retire at once. You would never cease to repeat *that*, sir,' and Mr. Hillary, as if he had suddenly discovered some strange meaning in my eye, motioned the pertinacious intruder to the door, and she reluctantly obeyed. I drew my chair near Mr. Hillary, who seemed, by this time, thoroughly alarmed.

'Will you read this letter, sir?' said I, handing it to him. He took it into his hand; looked first at the direction; then at the seal, and lastly at me in silence.

'Do you know that hand writing, sir?' I inquired.

He stammered in answer in the negative.

'Look at it, sir, again. You ought to know it; you must know it well.' He laid down the letter; fumbled in his waistcoat-pocket for his glasses; placed them with infinite trepidation upon his forehead, and again took the letter into his hands, which shook violently; and his sight was so confused with agitation, that I saw he could make nothing of it.

'It seems—it appears to be—a man's hand, sir. Whose is it? What is it about? What's the matter?' he exclaimed, looking at me over his glasses with a frightened stare.

'I have attended, sir, a coroner's inquest this morning'——The letter dropped instantly from his hand; a shaking hand upon the floor: his lips slowly opened.

'The writer of that letter, sir, was found drowned on Saturday last.' I continued slowly, looking steadfastly at him, and feeling myself great pity for every moment——'This day I saw the body—stretched upon the shuttered inn-inn. Oh, those awful eyes!' The hair matted and muddy! Those clenched hands—Horror filled my soul as I looked at all this, and thought of you!

'He lips moved, he uttered a few distinctlyible sounds, and his face, suddenly bedewed with perspiration, assumed one of the most ghastly expressions that a human countenance could exhibit. I remained silent, nor did he speak; but the big drops rolled from his forehead and he sank down upon the floor. I thought he was dead. 'Oh! Doctor—when may I see him?—Do—dear doctor, let us meet, if it be but for a moment! Oh, how, I long to see him! I will not be agitated! It will do me more good than all the medicine in the building!'

'In a few days time, my dear madam, I assure you'——

'Why not to-morrow?—oh, if you knew the good that one look of his would do me—he does not look ill,' she interrupted, in a fond tone.

'He—he looks certainly rather harassed on your account; but in other respects he is'——

'Promise me—let me see for myself; oh bring him with you!'—I—I—own I could not bear to see him *alone*, but in your presence—do, dear doctor! promise'—I shall sleep so sweetly to-night if you will.

Her looks—her tender murmuring voice, overcame me; and I promised to bring Mr. Elliott with me to see her the morrow. I bade her good-night.

'Remember, doctor!' she whispered as I rose to go.

'I will!'—said I, and quitted the room, already almost repenting of the rash promise I had made. But who could have resisted her?

Sweet soul! What will become of these! Bred up in the lap of luxury, and accustomed to have every wish gratified—every want anticipated—what kind of scene awaited these of returning to thy humble lodgings—

'Where hopeless Anguish pours her group,
And lonely Want retires to die!'*

For wist is not so. What miracle was to save them from starvation? Full of such melancholy reflections, I walked home, resolved to leave no stone unturned on their behalf, and pledged myself and wife that the forty pounds we had already collected for the Elliotts from among our benevolent friends, should be raised to a hundred, however great might be the deficiency we made up ourselves.

Saturday. I was preparing to pay some early visits to distant patients, and arranging so as to take Mr. Elliott with me on my return, when I calculated would be about two o'clock, to pay the promised visit to Mrs. Elliott—when my servant brought me a handful of letters which had that moment been left by the twopenny postman. I was going to cram them into my coat-pocket, and read them in the carriage, when my eye was attracted by one of them much larger than the rest, sealed with a black seal, and the address in Elliott's hand-writing. I hastily examined my seat; and placing the other letters in my pocket, proceeded to break the seal with some trepidation,—which increased to a sickening degree when four letters fell out—all of them sealed with black, and in Elliott's hand-writing, and addressed respectively to—' Jacob Hillary, Esq.'—' Mrs. Elliott,'—' Henry Elliott,'—and ' Dr.——' (myself.) I sat for a minute or two, with this terrible array before me, scarce daring to breathe, or to trust myself to my thoughts—when my wife entered, leading in her constant companion, little Elliott, to take their leave, as usual, before I set out for the day. The sight of Henry Elliott, to whom one of these portentous letters was addressed, overpowered me. My wife, seeing me discomposed, was beginning to inquire the reason, when I rose, and with gentle force put her out of the room and bolted the door, hurriedly telling her that I had just received unpleasant accounts concerning one or two of my patients. With trembling hands I opened the letter which was addressed to me, and read with infinite consternation as follows:—

'When you are reading these lines, kind doctor! I shall be sweetly sleeping the sleep of death. All will be over; there will be one wretch the less upon the earth.

'God, before whom I shall be standing face to face, while you read this letter, will, I hope, have mercy upon me, and forgive me for appearing before Him uncalled. Amen!

'But I could not live. I felt blindness—the last curse—descending upon me—blindness and beggary. I saw my wife broken-hearted. Nothing but misery and starvation before her and her child.

'Oh, has she not loved me with a noble love? And yet it is thus I leave her! But she knows not—through him I have returned her love, and she will hereafter find that love alone led me to take this dreadful step.

'Grievous has been the misery she has bore for my sake. I thought, in marrying her, that I might have overcome the difficulties which threatened us—that I might have struggled at least for our bread; but he ordered otherwise, and *it has been in vain for me to rise up early, to sit up late, to eat the bread of sorrow.*

'Why did I leave life? Because I know, as if a voice from Heaven had told me, that my death will reconcile Mary and her father. It is me alone whom he hates, and her only on my account. When I shall be gone, he will receive her to his arms, and she and my son shall be happy.

'Oh, my God! that I shall never see the face of Mary again, or ——— But presently she will look at our son, and she will revive.

'I entreat you, as in the name of the dead—it is a voice from the grave—to be yourself the bearer of this news to Mary, when, and as you may think fit. Give her this letter, and also give, yourself, to Mr. Hillary the letter which bears his dreadful name upon it. I know, I feel, that it will open his heart, and he will receive them to his arms.

'I have written also a few lines to my son. Ah, my boy, your father will be mouldered into dust before you will understand what I have written. Grieve for your unfortunate father, but do not—disown him!

'As for you, best of men, my only *friend*, farewell! Forgive all the trouble I have given. God reward you. You will be in my latest thoughts. I leave written to you that.

'Now I have done. I am calm; the bitterness of death is past. Farewell! The grave—the darkness of death is upon my soul—but I have no fear. To-night, before this candle shall have burnt out—at midnight——Oh, Mary! Henry!—Shall we ever meet again? 'H. E.'

I read this letter over half a dozen times, for every paragraph pushed the preceding one out of my memory. Then I took up mechanically the first letter addressed to his son. It contained a large lock of his father's hair, and the following verses,* written in a great straggling hand:

'I have wished for death; wherefore do I not call for my son?

'My son, when I am dead, bury me; and despise not thy mother, but honour her all the days of thy life, and do that which shall please her, and grieve her not.

'Remember, my son, that she saw many dangers for thee, when thou wast in her womb, and when she is dead, bury her by me in one grave.'

'Thus, on the point of death, writes thy father to his beloved son. *Remember!* HENRY ELLIOTT.'

As soon as I had somewhat recovered the shock occasioned by the perusal of these letters, I folded them all up, stepped hastily into my carriage, and postponing all my other visits, drove off direct to the lodgings of Mr. Elliott. The woman of the house was standing at the door talking earnestly with one or two persons.

'Where is Mr. Elliott?' I inquired, leaping out of the carriage.

'That's what we want to know, sir,' replied the woman, very pale. 'He must have gone out very late last night, sir, and hasn't been back since; for when I looked into his room this morning to ask about breakfast, it was empty.'

'Did you observe any thing particular in his appearance last night?' I inquired, preparing to ascend the little staircase.

'Yes, sir, very wild-like! And about eight or nine o'clock, he comes to the top of the stairs, and calls out, 'Mrs. ——, did you hear that' No, mamma!' Didn't you see something?' 'Lord, sir, said I, in a taking, he spoke so sudden,' so I thought I made my appearance, having called, in passing, to pay a visit to Mrs. Elliott, and bearing how much her late interview had overcome her, I left, taking my wife and little Elliott—still sobbing—with me, and promised to call on, if possible, in the evening. I did so, accordingly; and when I leaved my wife at home for the emotion occasioned by her first interview with her child, since her illness. She expressed herself very grateful to me for the care which she said we had evidently taken of him—' and how like he resembled his father!'—she repeated, but promising to call upon her either on Sunday or Monday. I resolved to do nothing rashly; for it glanced across my mind, as *possible*, that Elliott might not really carried into execution the dreadful intention he had stole into the room, but had resorted to a stratagem only in order to terrify Mr. Hillary into a reconciliation. This notion took such full possession of my heated imagination, that I at length lost sight of all the glaring improbabilities attending it. I, however, abroad the first paragraph that fell under my hurried eye, in scanning over the papers of Monday, was the following:—

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I drove off to the place mentioned in the paragraph, and arrived there just as the jury was assembling. There was a considerable crowd about the doors. I sent in my card; and stating that I had a deposition to make respecting the body for which the inquest was summoned, I was allowed to view the corpse, and ushered at once into the room where it lay.

I wish Mr. Hillary could have entered that room with me, and have stood beside me, as I stepped shuddering forward and perceived that I was looking upon—HIS VICTIM! The body lay with its wet clothes undisturbed, just as it had been taken out of the water. The damp hair—the eyes wide open—the hands clenched as if in the agonies of death.

Here lay the husband of Mrs. Elliott—the fond object of her unconquerable love! This was he to whom she had written so tenderly on quitting home! Here lay he whom she had so sweetly consoled by almost dying expressions of love! This was he to whom, with a pious confidence, she had predicted her speedy and happy return! This was the father of her sweet boy who sate pratingly at my table only that moment! The recollection of this, I mention, that—that you may live to repent what you have done; to redress the wrongs you have committed! Your poor persecuted daughter, Mr. Hillary, is not dead. He uttered a sudden sharp cry that startled me; grasped my hands, and carried them to his lips, kissed them in a kind of ecstacy.

'Tell me—say plainly—only say—that Mary is alive'——

'I waited till he had in some measure recovered from the violent agitation of his mind; my words had thrown him, and assisted in loosening his shirt-collar, and neck-handkerchief, which seemed to oppress him.

'*Who*—then—he stammered—' who was—*found murdered*—instead of your poor child?'

'Her poor broken-hearted husband, sir, who will be buried at my expense in a day or two.'

He covered his face with his hands, and cried bitterly.

'This letter was written by him to you, sir, and he sent it to me only a few hours, it seems, before he destroyed himself, and commissioned me to deliver it to you. Is not his blood, sir, lying at your door?'

'Oh! Lord, have mercy on me! Lord—Christ—forgive me! Lord, forgive a guilty old sinner,' he groaned, striking upon his knees, and wringing his hands. 'I—I am his murderer! I feel—I know it!'

'Shall I read to you, sir, his last words?' said I.

'Yes, but—they'll choke me. I can't bear them. He sank back exhausted upon the sofa. I took up the letter, which had remained untouched. My wife and I interchanged but few and melancholy words; our noisy, lively, little guest was not present to disturb, by his innocent sallies, the mournful silence; for, unable to bear his presence, I had directed that he should not be brought down that day. I had written to Mrs. Elliott a brief and hasty line, saying—that I had *just seen Mr. Elliott!* but that it would be impossible for either of us to call upon her that day! adding that I would certainly call upon her the day after—and—Heaven pardon the equivocation!—bring Mr. Elliott, *if possible*, which I feared might be doubtful as his eyes were under very active treatment.

I have had to encounter in my time many, very many trying and terrible scenes, but I never approached any with so much apprehension and anxiety as the one now cast upon me. Fortifying myself with a few glasses of wine, I put Mr. Elliott's letter to Mr. Hillary in my pocket-book, and drove off for ——— Square. I reached the house about eight o'clock. My servant, by my direction, thundered impetuously at the door—a startling summons I intended it to be! The porter threw open the door almost before my servant had removed his hand from the knocker.

'Is Mr. Hillary at home?' I inquired, stepping hurriedly from my carriage, with the fearful letter in my hand. 'He is, sir, said the man, with a flurried air—'But—he—he—does not receive company, sir, since my mistress's death.'

'Take my card to him sir. My name is Dr.——. I must see Mr. Hillary instantly.'

'Pardon me, madam—my business,' said I, impatiently, 'is not with you, but with Mr. Hillary. Him I must see, and immediately.'

'Dr.——, what is the matter?' she inquired with mingled anger and anxiety in her countenance.

'I have a communication, madam, for Mr. Hillary's private ear—and must see him. I insist upon seeing him immediately.'

'This is strange conduct, sir—really,' said Miss Gubbley, in an impudent manner, but her features becoming every moment paler and paler.

'Have you his already'——

'I unceremoniously pushed the malignant little parasite aside, opened the folding doors, and stepped instantly into the presence of the man I at once desired and dreaded to see. He sat on the sofa, in the attitude and with the expression of a man who had been suddenly aroused from sleep.

'Dr.——!' he exclaimed, with an astonished and angry air—' Your servant doctor!—What's the meaning of all this?'

'I am sorry to intrude upon you, Mr. Hillary—especially after the unpleasant manner in which your acquaintance was terminated—but—I have a dreadful duty to perform'—pointing to the letter I held, and turning towards him its black seal. He saw it. He seemed rather startled or alarmed: motioned me, with a quick anxious bow, to take a seat, and resumed his own.

'Excuse me, Mr. Hillary—but we must be *alone*,' said I pointing to Miss Gubbley, who had followed me with a suspicious and insolent air, exclaiming, as she stepped hastily towards Mr. Hillary—'Don't *suffer* this conduct, sir! It's very incorrect—very, sir.'

'We *must* be alone, sir,' I repeated, calmly and peremptorily, 'or I shall retire at once. You would never cease to repeat *that*, sir,' and Mr. Hillary, as if he had suddenly discovered some strange meaning in my eye, motioned the pertinacious intruder to the door, and she reluctantly obeyed. I drew my chair near Mr. Hillary, who seemed, by this time, thoroughly alarmed.

'Will you read this letter, sir?' said I, handing it to him. He took it into his hand; looked first at the direction; then at the seal, and lastly at me in silence.

'Do you know that hand writing, sir?' I inquired.

He stammered in answer in the negative.

'Look at it, sir, again. You ought to know it; you must know it well.' He laid down the letter; fumbled in his waistcoat-pocket for his glasses; placed them with infinite trepidation upon his forehead, and again took the letter into his hands, which shook violently; and his sight was so confused with agitation, that I saw he could make nothing of it.

'It seems—it appears to be—a man's hand, sir. Whose is it? What is it about? What's the matter?' he exclaimed, looking at me over his glasses with a frightened stare.

'I have attended, sir, a coroner's inquest this morning'——The letter dropped instantly from his hand; a shaking hand upon the floor: his lips slowly opened.

'The writer of that letter, sir, was found drowned on Saturday last.' I continued slowly, looking steadfastly at him, and feeling myself great pity for every moment——'This day I saw the body—stretched upon the shuttered inn-inn. Oh, those awful eyes!' The hair matted and muddy! Those clenched hands—Horror filled my soul as I looked at all this, and thought of you!

'His lips moved, he uttered a few distinctlyible sounds, and his face, suddenly bedewed with perspiration, assumed one of the most ghastly expressions that a human countenance could exhibit. I remained silent, nor did he speak; but the big drops rolled from his forehead and he sank down upon the floor. I thought he was dead. 'Oh! Doctor—when may I see him?—Do—dear doctor, let us meet, if it be but for a moment! Oh, how, I long to see him! I will not be agitated! It will do me more good than all the medicine in the building!'

'In a few days time, my dear madam, I assure you'——

'Why not to-morrow?—oh, if you knew the good that one look of his would do me—he does not look ill,' she interrupted, in a fond tone.

'He—he looks certainly rather harassed on your account; but in other respects he is'——

'Promise me—let me see for myself; oh bring him with you!'—I—I—own I could not bear to see him *alone*, but in your presence—do, dear doctor! promise'—I shall sleep so sweetly to-night if you will.

Her looks—her tender murmuring voice, overcame me; and I promised to bring Mr. Elliott with me to see her the morrow. I bade her good-night.

'Remember, doctor!' she whispered as I rose to go.

'I will!'—said I, and quitted the room, already almost repenting of the rash promise I had made. But who could have resisted her?

Sweet soul! What will become of these! Bred up in the lap of luxury, and accustomed to have every wish gratified—every want anticipated—what kind of scene awaited these of returning to thy humble lodgings—

'Where hopeless Anguish pours her group,
And lonely Want retires to die!'*

For wist is not so. What miracle was to save them from starvation? Full of such melancholy reflections, I walked home, resolved to leave no stone unturned on their behalf, and pledged myself and wife that the forty pounds we had already collected for the Elliotts from among our benevolent friends, should be raised to a hundred, however great might be the deficiency we made up ourselves.

Saturday. I was preparing to pay some early visits to distant patients, and arranging so as to take Mr. Elliott with me on my return, when I calculated would be about two o'clock, to pay the promised visit to Mrs. Elliott—when my servant brought me a handful of letters which had that moment been left by the twopenny postman. I was going to cram them into my coat-pocket, and read them in the carriage, when my eye was attracted by one of them much larger than the rest, sealed with a black seal, and the address in Elliott's hand-writing. I hastily examined my seat; and placing the other letters in my pocket, proceeded to break the seal with some trepidation,—which increased to a sickening degree when four letters fell out—all of them sealed with black, and in Elliott's hand-writing, and addressed respectively to—' Jacob Hillary, Esq.'—' Mrs. Elliott,'—' Henry Elliott,'—and ' Dr.——' (myself.) I sat for a minute or two, with this terrible array before me, scarce daring to breathe, or to trust myself to my thoughts—when my wife entered, leading in her constant companion, little Elliott, to take their leave, as usual, before I set out for the day. The sight of Henry Elliott, to whom one of these portentous letters was addressed, overpowered me. My wife, seeing me discomposed, was beginning to inquire the reason, when I rose, and with gentle force put her out of the room and bolted the door, hurriedly telling her that I had just received unpleasant accounts concerning one or two of my patients. With trembling hands I opened the letter which was addressed to me, and read with infinite consternation as follows:—

'When you are reading these lines, kind doctor! I shall be sweetly sleeping the sleep of death. All will be over; there will be one wretch the less upon the earth.

'God, before whom I shall be standing face to face, while you read this letter, will, I hope, have mercy upon me, and forgive me for appearing before Him uncalled. Amen!

'But I could not live. I felt blindness—the last curse—descending upon me—blindness and beggary. I saw my wife broken-hearted. Nothing but misery and starvation before her and her child.

'Oh, has she not loved me with a noble love? And yet it is thus I leave her! But she knows not—through him I have returned her love, and she will hereafter find that love alone led me to take this dreadful step.

'Grievous has been the misery she has bore for my sake. I thought, in marrying her, that I might have overcome the difficulties which threatened us—that I might have struggled at least for our bread; but he ordered otherwise, and *it has been in vain for me to rise up early, to sit up late, to eat the bread of sorrow.*

'Why did I leave life? Because I know, as if a voice from Heaven had told me, that my death will reconcile Mary and her father. It is me alone whom he hates, and her only on my account. When I shall be gone, he will receive her to his arms, and she and my son shall be happy.

'Oh, my God! that I shall never see the face of Mary again, or ——— But presently she will look at our son, and she will revive.

'I entreat you, as in the name of the dead—it is a voice from the grave—to be yourself the bearer of this news to Mary, when, and as you may think fit. Give her this letter, and also give, yourself, to Mr. Hillary the letter which bears his dreadful name upon it. I know, I feel, that it will open his heart, and he will receive them to his arms.

'I have written also a few lines to my son. Ah, my boy, your father will be mouldered into dust before you will understand what I have written. Grieve for your unfortunate father, but do not—disown him!

'As for you, best of men, my only *friend*, farewell! Forgive all the trouble I have given. God reward you. You will be in my latest thoughts. I leave written to you that.

'Now I have done. I am calm; the bitterness of death is past. Farewell! The grave—the darkness of death is upon my soul—but I have no fear. To-night, before this candle shall have burnt out—at midnight——Oh, Mary! Henry!—Shall we ever meet again? 'H. E.'

I read this letter over half a dozen times, for

FOREIGN VARIETIES.

A considerable revolution in religious forms, it is said, is about to take place among the Catholics in Ireland. Already in several places the ceremony of mass has been performed in English.

A Moral Regulation.—Custom House oaths are exploded in England, and a solemn affirmation used instead.

Munificent.—The Duke of Northumberland has lately built no less than fourteen churches and chapels in Northumberland county.

The gallant General Church, formerly of Greece, is gone, it is said, to Timbuctoo.

Two of the principle coach-masters of Bristol, have at this time upwards of 100 horses laid up with the prevailing influenza.

Iron steamboats are coming into general use in Great Britain.

Cattle Steamboats.—Such are the profits obtained by the Scotch farmers of Inverness, Aberdeen, &c. since the exportation of their sheep and black cattle to London by steam, that it is proposed to have a line of coast steamboats entirely appropriated to that object.

Lady Blessington, it is said, calls her tedious visiters *stay-makers*—putting them in the corset line.

Hypnology.—A person in England advertises to procure sound refreshing sleep, and dignifies his profession by the above title.

Progress of Rail Road and Beet Sugar Manufacture in Russia.—Mr. Cockerill at his manufacture in England, is making 27 steam engines for the beet root manufacture, and 30 steam carriages all for Russia.

No less than 11,000 men are at this moment employed on the London and Birmingham Rail Road.

Technicalities of the Law.—Two men at the Cambridge Assizes, escaped from the charge of stealing sheep, because the animals were *hoggets*, or two year old ewes, not mentioned in the statute.

Corn (i. e. wheat) in Germany has already risen 30 per cent on the presumed failure of the crops in the United States.

Female Daring.—A young lady at Pracd, near Odessa, had the temerity to ascend in a paper balloon. It burst, but she miraculously escaped with her life.

Splendid Egyptian Hieroglyphic.—At the sale of Mr. Burton's collection of Egyptian antiquities, the splendid roll in memory of Nebsenai, a scribe of the temple of Pthah Soker, at Memphis, on one sheet of paper, made of the papyrus plant, near one hundred feet in length, without a single join, (nothing new under the sun!) was bought for the British Museum for 120*l*.

There is to be a column of granite erected to the memory of Napoleon in his native town of Corsica. It is to be surmounted by a statue similar to that in the Place Vendome, at Paris, Louis Phillippe and the Duke of Orleans head the subscription. The Council General of Corsica have voted 30,000 francs, and that of the Seine 5000 francs.

Strength of the Human Frame.—At the late anniversary of the opening of the Surrey Zoological Gardens, some amazing feats of strength were exhibited by two Frenchmen. One of them successfully resisted the united efforts of two horses to drag him from a platform on which he was lying; and the other, while suspended by his feet from a cross beam raised into the air a horse of ordinary size.

Universal Language.—At a Scientific Congress now assembled at Liege, one of the subjects under discussion is the possibility of a universal language, as a consequence of Iron Rail Roads.

Potatoe Beer.—The Germans will now manufacture their favorite beverage in greater abundance and at a cheaper rate than ever. M. Balling, Professor of Chemistry at Prague, has succeeded in making an excellent Beer from Potatoes. It is the color of Wine, and is very strong, and very agreeable to the taste.

Beet Sugar in England.—Agricultures in England are beginning to turn their attention to the cultivation of beet root, in consequence of the success which is understood to have attended the attempts to make sugar from it in France and elsewhere.

A new Discovery in the Circulation of the Blood.—Mr. Behn, a German naturalist, has found that there is a circulation of a sustaining fluid throughout the whole extent of the body of grubs of hemipterous insects; and that this circulation is altogether independent of the circulation of the dorsal vessel. The pulsation is chiefly in the upper part of the legs, and it is sometimes intermittent. Cuvier supposed these insects had no circulation.

[illegible]—The Emperor of Austria is about to be crowned King of Hungary, and has invited a select party to meet his Majesty at dinner; only thirty thousand are expected to sit down to table! This is a royal way of assuming the government of the *Hungry* people, and we hope they will show their gratitude by kicking up no rows although their Sovereign bids them exhibit plenty of *jaw*;—it is clear that his Majesty has great respect for their *Diet*.

A gentleman of Jersey is anxious to inform the people of England that if they will not accept the challenge of Ireland to produce a more beautiful woman than "the Maid of Ross," he will. He is ready to treble the stakes, and engages to name a lady in Jersey who will come nearer to the standard of beauty as exhibited in the *Venus de Medici*, than any other in the king's dominions.

A Remarkable Case.—A woman in London, whilst eating her dinner, was choked by a large piece of hard potatoe lodging in the sac of the œsophicus. Three hours thereafter, when in a state of suffocation, two drachms of a solution of 3 grains of Tartar Emet. in an ounce of water, was injected into the external [illegible] vein which relieved the patient immediately.

Disease among Forest Trees.—Mr. Spence has lately read some important information before the Entomological Society, touching the destruction of the elm trees in Dunkirk, Calais and Boulogne, by an insect called *Scolytus Destructor*. Between three and four millions of pine trees in the German forests have been destroyed in the same manner.

Taglioni's recovery and re-appearance at the great French Opera, has produced as usual an immense sensation. A paper says:

"The performance was *La Sylphide*, and never was that fanciful and spiritualized creation embodied with more poetry and grace than last night. The fall of the curtain was the signal for one of those scenes of enthusiasm of which only those who have seen a French audience at the French Opera can form an idea."

A contrivance has been used at Halifax, England, where the abruptness of the acclivities prevents the formation of reservoirs for the supply of the canals connecting with Manchester, Leeds, and the rivers Mersey and Humber, by which water is raised one hundred and nine feet, in sufficient quantities to answer the purpose. It is done by means of a steam engine erected on an eminence, from which a shaft is sunk, to the bottom of which a tunnel brings the water of the Rochdale canal. This water is raised by the engine and made to flow into an aqueduct through which it passes into a basin in the town, which is thus supplied with water raised 109 feet after being conveyed by artificial means, one mile and a half under ground.

The following curious advertisement appeared in the *Times*.—"*To Independent Gentlemen.*—Wanted, by a respectable modest young man, who can produce a cubic yard of testimonials, a Living without a Master—that is, he wishes to become a companion to some gentleman, and be his factotum. He can ride, shoot, sing, fish (but never better than his patron, without he is wanted,) keep accounts, see that servants do their duty, do twenty other things equally necessary, in this life, and make it his whole duty to please and be pleased."

At the Zoological Gardens, the company round the elephant's enclosure were favoured with a specimen of the huge animal's epicurean propensities, which created some astonishment and not a little laughter. The fruit and cakes being but scantily dealt out to *Monsieur Djek*, or *Chunee*, he made a longer appeal to the amateur purveyors by passing his trunk over the railings; but this not proving any the more successful, he (from *depit* no doubt) deliberately removed a white hat from a gentleman's head, folded it into the shape of an opera *claque*, and, having introduced the *morceau exquis* into his capacious throat, bolted it, if not with relish, certainly with a *sang froid* which the serious face of the loser could not disturb.

One of those extraordinary vegetable curiosities, the Mandrake, was this week dug up in the neighbourhood of Weston. Though the extremities of the legs had been cut off, the root weighed 10lbs. There was a slight twist or malformation in one of the thighs, but, in other respects, the resemblance in form, limb, and feature to the human frame was surprisingly perfect.—*Bath Herald.*

Duke Charles of Brunswick accompanied Mrs. Graham in a Balloon excursion on the 22d Aug. When it descended, the Duke jumped suddenly out of the car. The loss of his weight caused it to ascend, tearing away the grappling iron which caught again on a bank, and caused a jerk which threw Mrs. Graham out at the height of several feet. She was severely injured by the shock, but had no bones broken—and soon after became the mother of a lifeless child. The balloon disappeared with the Duke's coat, hat and telescope, but it was afterwards recovered in a shattered state.

Saturday Evening Post.

OCTOBER 15, 1836.

List of Insolvents

Who have applied for the benefit of the several Acts of Insolvency, and who will be heard, at the County Court-house, on Wednesday the 19th day of October, inst.

Eugene Murphy, Accountant, 66 Walnut street.
Joseph B. Daniels, Goldsmith, Philadelphia county.
Samuel Meeds, Laborer, Blockley township.
Alexander Webb, Laborer, Catharine st. Southwark.
James Cabaley, Fisherman, Mead Alley, Southwark.
William Edwards, Gentleman, late tavern keeper, No. 46 south Eighth street below Chesnut street.
John McMichael, reed maker, corner of Eleventh and Morris street.
William McMichael, Shoemaker, Shippen street near Thirteenth street.
Samuel Cappell, Shoemaker, back of No. 405 Race st.
James Green, Laborer, St. Mary street, city.
John D. Smith, Cordwainer, Philadelphia county.
Zadock Laws, Porter, Southwark.
John Daniels, House Carpenter, Moyamensing.
Horatio Simpson, Tailor, Vine above Eleventh street Penn Township.
Francis McGuire, Laborer, Philadelphia county.
Richard Lukens, Porter, Southwark.
Thomas Smith, Laborer, Moyamensing.
Hiram Brown, Mariner, Maiden st. East Kensington.
Thomas Spencer, Laborer, Southwark.
Thomas Copeland, Cordwainer, Marks Lane, between Eleventh and Twelfth and Race and Cherry sts.
John Kennedy, Laborer, Southwark.
Richard D. Jones, Tobacconist, Eighth, above Spring Garden street.
John Woolverton, Painter and Glazier, St. John street, above Poplar Lane, Northern Liberties.
William T. Simpson, Clerk, Lewis street, between Fifth and Sixth streets, from Schuylkill.
Edward Ford, Cordwainer, Twelfth, above South st.
John Sensien, Laborer, Frankford, Bristol township.
Samuel R. E. Williamson, Brass Founder, city.
Lewis Griffith, House Carpenter, 11th above Race st.
Abel W. Streeter, Chair Maker, Third st. N. L.
William W. Wheeler, Saddler, Dock below 2nd st.
Moses H. Cooper, Tinman, Front above Master st.
Charles Hammer, Comb-maker, Sixth street and Poplar Lane, N. L.
Samuel Eddis, Cordwainer, Steward street, Queen street, district of Moyamensing.
William Eddleman, Farmer, Germantown.
David L. Davis, Cabinet-maker, Kryder's court, below Almond street, Southwark.
Lewis Bennett, Ship Painter, Beach st. Kensington.
Robert Gaylor, agent for the rail road cars, Hughs' court, Moyamensing Road, Southwark.
James Beloch, late Baker, Vine street, between Seventh and Eighth from Schuylkill.
Thomas A. Rowe, Cordwainer, McDuffee's st. between Schuylkill 2nd and 3d and Lombard and South streets.
John Perkinpine, Trader, Budd above Coates st. N. L.
Zadock Thomas Hatter, Blockley Township.
Moorehouse Abbott, Ship Carpenter, back of Beach street, above the Market, Kensington.
Valentine Miell, Cordwainer, Rye street below Washington, Southwark.
Richard Williamson, Waterman, Manayunk.
John Holloway, Trader, Broad below South st.
Thomas Mansfield, Paper Hanger, Philada. county.
William P. Long, Painter and Glazier, city.
Harris Potter, File Cutter, Philadelphia county.
William Simpson, Comb-maker, Seventh near Coates street, Spring Garden.
Hiram Hughlett, Hatter, Lombard below Second st.
Samuel M. Reeve, Cordwainer, city.
William Martin, Tailor, Byberry Township.
John H. Smith, Cordwainer, Philadelphia.
Abiathar Field, Trader, Philadelphia.
William Yeates, Tin Plate Worker, Philada. county.
George F. Harrison, Silver Plater, Philada. county.
John Stewart, Stone Cutter, Francisville, P. Township.
William K. Prettyman, Tobacconist, late of the firm of Thurston & Prettyman, No. 235 S. Second st.
Eli Corey, House Carpenter, Philadelphia county.
David Supplee, late Grocer, Philadelphia county.
George W. Smith, Cordwainer, Philada. county.
Jeffrey Letchford, Lock Smith, Philadelphia county.
Charles Zandt, late boarding house keeper, No. 164 south Front street.
John W. Eastwick, Plasterer, Second below Wharton street, Southwark.
George Bayard, Tinman, Philadelphia county.
Eber Graham, Cordwainer, Philadelphia county.
Jonathan Jones, Silver Smith, Philadelphia county.
George Fowler, Painter and Glazier, Philada. county.
Benjamin White, Laborer, Shippen st. above Broad st.
Joseph Lotz, House Carpenter, Schuylkill Eighth above Callowhill street.
Christopher Blounts, Watchman, Fairmount and Hamilton street.
James McQuaid, Blacksmith, Fairmount near William street.
John Nevel, late Butcher, No. 166 Pine street.
Thomas Bell, Laborer, second door above Thirteenth in Race street, on the south side.
Caleb A. Ore, Cordwainer, No. 3 Zane street.
Benjamin White, Laborer, Shippen above Broad st.
Charles Bostic, Cook, Sixth and Elizabeth streets.
George P. Clifton, Carpenter, Tenth and Prime sts.
John Peters, Barber, Sixth street above Lombard. [illegible] Moyamensing.
Thomas Stockley, Shoemaker, Thirteenth near Vine street, east side.
George Nunneviller, corner of Callowhill and Schuylkill Second streets.
Lewis Ebstun, Piano-maker, Richmond, Kensington, Philadelphia county.
Andrew Krafer, Piano-maker, 48 Chester street.
John S. Plumly, late Dealer, Kensington.
Peter Hughes, Cordwainer, 516 north Second street.
Isaac Heighman, Laborer, N. Liberties.
Charles Miller, Laborer, N. Liberties.
William B. Jones, Laborer, N. Liberties.
William Wilson, House Carpenter, N. Liberties.
Calvin W. Withey, Tobacconist, Philada. county.
William Britton, Saddler, Philadelphia county.
Anthony Brown, Cordwainer, Philada. county.
John Pigot, House Carpenter, 131 S. Water street.
Francis McArdle, Weaver, 13th below Shippen st.
Samuel C. Bavis, Chair Painter, Harmony Court.
William Paul, Cordwainer, Philadelphia.
David Sprow, Laborer, Bonsall street.
L. C. Townsend, Laborer, Philadelphia county.
Morris Starr, Laborer, Philadelphia county.
Samuel Moulton, House Carpenter, Apple street, below Poplar Lane.
Isaac F. Van Dyk, late Rule-maker, Brown's court, Philadelphia county.
James McMinn, Band Box manufacturer, 96 N. 7th st.
William L. Smith, Accountant, Arch st. near 3d.
Arthur Linvill, Turner, 10th above Callowhill st.
Frederick Kent, Button-maker, Coates above Front street.
Benjamin Welch, Laborer, 4 Poplar court.
Edward Collins, Cordwainer, corner Fifth and Wood street.
Benjamin C. Gregg, Tin Plate worker, corner Fourth and Vine street.
Enoch Green, Engineer, Spafford street, county.
Edward Schreiner, Accountant, Wood street.
Jacob Ash, Carter, Old York road.
Samuel Jeffras, Victualler, 5th street above Grages.
Benjamin H. Brown, Hatter, Falls Schuylkill.
George C. Hand, late Merchant, 9 La Grange Place.
Jacob Ramsey, Cabinet-maker, 11th st. above Race.
Jacob Whiteman, late Innkeeper, 131 north 6th st.
Solomon Forebaugh, Tobacconist, 6th st. above Race.
Thomas W. Clyde, Laborer, Germantown road above Master street.
James S. Rinear, Bricklayer, 10th below Spring Garden street.
Addison Silvers, Brush-maker, 73 Lawrence street.
Joseph Cress, Looking Glass Frame-maker, Nectarine street, between 10th and 11th.
James S. Kimball, Saddler, 29 Jones alley.
Edmund B. Hollingsworth, Machine-maker, old West Chester road.
James C. Steel, late Tailor, Library street.
James D. B. Burden, Saddler, Callowhill above 8th st.
Michael O. Connell, Laborer, 1 Taylor's alley.
Thomas Highgate, late Oyster cellar keeper, 6 Branch street.
George J. Giesmyer, Tailor, 14 Starr alley.
John Allen, Engineer, Christianville.
Samuel B. Taylor, Book Binder, corner 7th and Willow street.
Joseph Cox, Comb-maker, 4 Nicholson street.
James Thomas, Porter, 32 Blackberry alley.
James Dalrymple, Cordwainer, Harmony street above Catharine.
Benjamin Charlton, Tailor, Frankford.
William J. McClellan, Laborer, Philadelphia county.
George Bishop, Blacksmith, 6 Shallcross's court.
Nathan Sammons, Laborer, Pine street near 13th.
James Campbell, Innkeeper, Commerce street.
John B. Barkman, Gas pipe fitter, 91 Race street.
Lewis Geiger, Barber, 7th below Lombard street.
Augustus Cornet, Innkeeper, Fair Mount.
Charles Moulle, Accountant, 30 Pine street.
Charles Jeanes, House Carpenter, 10th above Green st.
Henry Deal, jr. House Carpenter, near Fair Mount.
Thomas J. McLaughlin, Trader, Chancellor street.
Isaac Wood, Cabinet-maker, Passyunk road.
Isaac Asten, jr. Dealer, Apple st. N. Liberties.
Zadock Vollum, Book Binder, 8 Bell's court.
David Cook, Cordwainer, 122 north 4th street.
Roberts Kelley, Waterman, Holmesburg.
George Bumm, late Carter, Noodle street.
Daniel Dolsber, Laborer, Apple st. N. Liberties.
James M. Caldwell, late Grocer, south 8th street near Catharine.
Wm. K. Kenney, Hatter, Merritt's lane near 3d st.
Samuel Young, Tinman, Kensington.
Josiah Shretz, House Carpenter, Kensington.
John Baisley, Wharf builder, Kensington.
John S. Hannold, Blacksmith, Spring Garden.
Joseph Repsher, Drayman, Northern Liberties.
Frederick Bechtel, Stone Mason, Culvert st. near 4th.
Joseph Matlack, Carter, 349 Coates street.
Jacob Hansbury, Woollen Spinner, Germantown.
Christian B. Merkel, Collector, James st. near 10th.
John Stovell, late Druggist, 69 Locust street.
John Sprankling, Dealer, Oxford street.
John Rose, Laborer, Frankford.
Charles B. Seabury, late Innkeeper, Second st. below Relief alley.
John Finnigan, Laborer, Vernon street.
Nicholas Erp, alias Erb, Laborer, Kensington.
Wm. B. Mott, Gentleman, Front st. above Otter.
Charles Hoover, Brickmaker, 6th street below Poplar lane.
Thos. Ford, Laborer, Callowhill st. near Schuylkill 7th.
Daniel M. Leeearing, Gentleman, 4th st. above Poplar lane.
Joseph Shoemaker, late Druggist, 321 south 7th st.
Christopher Parcels, Waterman, Philada. county.
Skinner Taylor, Waterman, Philadelphia county.
Samuel Denny, Victualler, Kensington.
Samuel Reap, Cordwainer, Kensington.
Jacob Eayrbath, Laborer, Philadelphia county.
Joseph A. Reed, Carver, Philadelphia county.
Arthur H. Willis, Quarryman, 223 N. Second street.
Gustavus A. Stille, Accountant, Chesnut below 11th.
Gill Robinson, Trader, Oak 2nd door from Brown st.
Jacob Monhammer, Reflector Manufacturer, 144 St. John street.
John S. Collins, Broker, Callowhill st. near Garden
Edward Ewing, Accountant, No. 16 Market st.
Stephen Ustick, No. 89 Race street.
William Gerhard, Merchant, 205 Market street.
Charles Kain, House Carpenter, Parker st. Southwark.
George Harkins, Laborer, Marriotts lane, between 3d and 4th streets.
Lewis Krumbhaar, late Druggist, 217 Market street, Frankford.
Chauncey Hoffman, debtor's apartment, Moyamensing.
William J. Fallen, Ship Carpenter, Philadelphia.
Maurice Hertz, Gentleman, 208 Walnut street.
Joseph How, Trader, Coates street, near 7th.
Sewell Gibson, late Oysterman, Hamilton Village.
Jones P. Fairlamb, sen. Engineer, Strawberry alley.
Isaac V. Culin, Merchant Tailor, 41 South street.
James Brison, Laborer, Small st. Moyamensing.
John Clinton, late Dry Goods store keeper, No. 3 Fayette street.
Michael Eagan, Porter, Front above Market street.
Maulby J. Littleboy, jr. late Commission Merchant, No. 171 north 4th street.
John G. Jackson, late Merchant, city of Philadelphia, now near Manayunk.
William D. Binder, Lock-smith, No. 100 Cherry st.
Seneca Yapp, Waterman, 4 West's court, Philada. co.
David Coryell, Cordwainer, Strawberry street.
George W. Data, Button-maker, Noble above Old York road.
William Ayres, Cordwainer, Union above Front st.
Samuel Vaughan, Ship Carpenter, corner of Shackamaxon and Queen streets, Kensington.
Robert Kerr, Laborer, Bedford st. above 11th st. co.
George W. Yates, Printer, 9th above Market street.
Robert Gillitt, House Carpenter, 120 Prime street.
Robert Dook, Weaver, Manayunk, Philada. county.
Francis Smith, Brass Founder, 430 Market street.
David L. Mayo, Accountant, Walnut above Schuylkill 8th street.
John Edgar, late Store-keeper, 8th below Chesnut st.
William S. Winfield, Cordwainer, Philadelphia.
William H. Cordes, House Carpenter, Philada. co.
Joseph Oliver, House Carpenter, Philadelphia co.
Ebenezer Chase, Cordwainer, Philadelphia county.
Joseph Bowen, Trader, Philadelphia.
Henry A. Harder, Book Binder, Philada. county.
John F. Belsterling, Comb-maker, Philada. county.
John Hopkins, Gentleman, Philadelphia.
Aurelius Charles Spring, Machinist, 13th near Vine st.
Robert G. Warren, late Commission Merchant, Schuylkill 7th, between Chesnut and Market sts.
Cornelius Baker, Comb-maker, 37 Apple street.
Joseph Stewart, Laborer, Philadelphia county.
Samuel M. Cooper, Hardware Merchant, Front street above Callowhill.
Peter Wheelan, Gentleman, No — Chesnut street.
Samuel Fleckenstein, Philadelphia county.
Peter Bennett, Laborer, Mary street.
J. Lockhart, late Merchant, 80 south Eleventh street.
Henry Peters, Cordwainer, south Third, between Shippen and South streets.
Adonijah Crooks, Painter, Brown street near Front, Northern Liberties.
Henry Jacoby, Tobacconist, Coates street near Sixth, Northern Liberties.
Alexander Rankin, Cordwainer, Laurel street near Budd, Northern Liberties.
James Conroy, Weaver, Seventh st. near Fitzwater.
John Erdel, Laborer, corner of St. John and Willow streets, Northern Liberties.
Abraham Lapp, Comb-maker, Third street above Poplar lane, Northern Liberties.
James T. Williams, Laborer, Littleboy's court, city.
David J. Morris, Weaver, Poplar lane near Budd street, Northern Liberties.
Samuel Clotworthy, Dyer, Frankford, Philada. co.
Christopher F. Oelshlager, Baker, debtor's apartment, Philada. county.

PENITENTIARY.

Samuel L. Robinson.
Hester Bryant.
Benjamin Miller.
William Williams.

Mock Auctions.—Another complaint on this subject came before the Police office yesterday, in which a merchant from Alabama was the sufferer to the amount of about $50. As he could not remain in town to prosecute the offenders, it is not expedient to mention the names of either party at present, but it may serve as a caution to others to mention the manner in which he was taken in. He happened to be going by an auction store in Pearl street where an auction was going on, and was handed a large card about eighteen inches square on which was fastened three or four table knives of a showy description. Lower down on the card were several good looking penknives, and towards the edges of the card were fastened different parcels of pencil cases, and on the top of each parcel there was a silver pencil case fastened. The card and its contents were set up for so much each article, and after several bids they were knocked down to the merchant from Alabama, at 35 cents each, who was quite delighted at getting such a bargain, as each of the articles, as far as he could see, were worth nearly double that sum. He accordingly paid for them, and then took them from the card to reckon if they were correct in number, and on loosing the penknives, discovered another penknife beneath each of them not worth one fourth part as much as the knives on the top. This was however not his only disappointment, for on opening the pencil cases he found that every [illegible] silvered over, and not worth more than six cents each. The card contained 775 articles for which he gave 35 cents each, making a sum of $95,25, while the real value or selling price of them was not one half that sum. On discovering the cheat he expostulated with the auctioneer, but could obtain no redress. It appears that besides such deceptions as the one in question, these mock auction stores have several persons in their employ for the purpose of bidding for articles, and by that means inducing others to bid also. They have likewise recourse to several other stratagems, to swindle the unwary. There are two notorious houses of this sort in the city, against which criminal proceedings are about to be instituted.—*N. Y. Jour. of Commerce.*

Business for old Hays.—The London Morning Chronicle gives the annexed account of a gentleman felon, who hopes to hide his head and rogueries in this country. We hope he will be disappointed.

The Lord Mayor, about a fortnight ago, granted a warrant against a merchant named Lewis Augustus Bennett, who had been engaged in several heavy speculations, for having committed forgery by obtaining the dates of bills of lading of 1835 by which he succeeded in defrauding many capitalists of large sums of money.—The warrant was put into the hands of Roe, the officer, upon the recommendation of the Lord Mayor: but the forgeries, extensive and numerous as they were, were not detected until the delinquent had not only left London, but the kingdom,—arrived from London a week before the officer had received the warrant, in the name of Brown, with his brother, and from which he sailed for America on the following Monday.—It appears that he had with great ingenuity committed forgeries in policies of insurance, and in other securities, not one of which had been even suspected to be other than genuine until he was on his way to America. It is believed that he succeeded to the amount of between 40,000 and £50,000, and that he carried away from 15,000 to £20,000. A French commercial house lost between 3,000 and £4,000 by him. Roe's pursuit ended at Liverpool; but measures have, we understand, been taken by the parties who have been the sufferers, to interfere with Bennett's enjoyment of the proceeds of this extensive and ingenious robbery.

A correspondent has furnished us with some particulars of the death of a German emigrant residing near this borough, while under the treatment of a person generally known as the "*Indian doctor*," which deserve some notice. His death created considerable excitement among his friends, who gathered at different places in our town and appeared, by the expressions of their countenances, to be laboring under feelings of strong indignation. The individual referred to labored under severe rheumatic affections, and the doctor prescribed that he should be laid on a bed and a bushel of roasted oats applied to him for the purpose of raising perspiration, with directions to renew the heat repeatedly,—to continue in the oats bath from one o'clock in the morning until seven in the evening, and leaving, for drink some wine and sassafras. About four o'clock while under this treatment, he died, and was interred, on Saturday morning, in the Lutheran burying ground, followed by a number of his brethren who have left their Fatherland to seek an asylum among strangers.—*Hanover, (Penn) Gaz.*

Horrid Murder.—We received yesterday morning, from a gentleman in pursuit of the fugitives, the following particulars of perhaps one of the most horrid murders ever perpetrated.—Two farmers from the neighborhood of Wooster, Ohio, on their passage to Bucyrus, Crawford county, for the purpose of entering land, were overtaken on the way by ——— Powers and Joseph Jenkins, with whom they rode in company. After travelling some distance, the whole four left the stage, and proceeded on their journey on foot. Before they had travelled far, the latter two learned the motives of the former for visiting Bucyrus, and presumed they had a quantity of money in their possession, of which they determined to rob them. They accordingly, when about six miles from Bucyrus suffered the farmers to get in front, when one of them was shot down and the other attacked with a club, and beaten until thought dead. The murderers then attempted to rifle the pockets of their victims, but some one appearing in sight, they fled, and left the bodies in the public road. The circumstances under which the above murder was perpetrated—the time and place (about 2 o'clock, P. M. on the public highway)—render it one of the most revolting in the annals of crime, and call loudly for justice on the heads of the offenders. They were traced as far as Wheeling, and have been pursued down the river.—*Wheeling Gazette.*

Accident.—A man had both his feet cut off by the Patterson rail-road cars. He attempted to jump from a car and fell. This dangerous custom of jumping from the cars has been sufficiently deprecated.

The Presidential election is near at hand, and in about forty days at farthest the people will have chosen their electors, on whom will devolve the voice of President and Vice President, for the term of four years from the 4th of March next. The electors are requested to assemble in their respective state capitols on the 7th day of December. The following table shows the number of votes to which each state is entitled and the period when the electors must be chosen:

STATES.	NO. OF VOTERS.	WHEN HELD.	
Maine,	10	November	7
New Hampshire,	7	do.	7
Massachusetts,	14	do.	14
Rhode Island,	4	do.	23
Connecticut,	8	do.	7
Vermont,	7	do.	15
New York,	42	do.	7
New Jersey,	8	do.	4
Pennsylvania,	30	do.	4
Delaware,	3	do.	7
Maryland,	10	do.	[illegible]
Virginia,	23	do.	[illegible]
North Carolina,	15	do.	[illegible]
South Carolina,	11		
Georgia,	11	do.	17
Kentucky,	15	do.	17
Tennessee,	15	do.	17
Ohio,	21	do.	4
Indiana,	9	do.	7
Mississippi,	4	do.	7
Illinois,	5	do.	7
Alabama,	8	do.	14
Missouri,	4	do.	7
Louisiana,	5	do.	8
Michigan,	3		
Arkansas,	3		
Total,	294		

All the States choose by general ticket, except South Carolina, which chooses by the Legislature. It will be seen that Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Ohio open the poll three days in advance of any of the other States.

American Coin. The whole coinage of the United States, from 1796 to the present time, amounts to about $21,000,000 in gold, $43,133,682 in silver, and 75,844,513 cents and half cents. The new coinage of the eagle dollar, as well as the gold eagle, will probably be in circulation by the 3d of March next. Within the past seven and a half years, 3,092,112 quarter dollar pieces have been coined, 6,383,850 dimes, and 10,307,700 half dimes. "Government have it in contemplation," says the Globe, "to issue three new coins, to take the place of the cent, which is too bulky and unsighty for such a use. These are to be made of a mixture of silver and copper; one, the half cent, will be of the size of a silver half dime; the cent piece will be of the size of the ten cent; and the two and a half cent piece will be of the size of a quarter dollar."

Paupers.—We learn from a New York paper, that no less than two hundred and thirty paupers have been shipped off from New York to the different states, parishes and townships to which they belong. The guardians of the poor in that city wisely resolving not to be burdened with their winter's maintenance. We name this fact for the consideration of, and hope it will serve as an example to our own Commissioners of the Almshouse, which even now contains, as we are now informed, near two thousand paupers. It would be a query, not we will venture to say, easily or satisfactorily answered, as to how many of this number are entitled to admission; not we believe even one half.—*Ledger.*

Forgery.—On Monday of last week, a person calling his name Pomeroy, presented a note at the Auburn Bank for $2,000, which was detected at once as a forgery. He was immediately taken into custody and lodged in prison. The name, it seems, was assumed, and it has been since ascertained that he is a resident of Onondaga county, who has hitherto borne a good character, and whose connexions are highly respectable. His friends, it is said, intend to interpose a plea of *insanity*. It is probably the most politic course to pursue, under the circumstances. This plea of insanity has become mighty "available" of late, and when a villain is driven into his last corner, it has too often saved him from the punishment he deserves.—*N. Y. Courier.*

Western Curiosities.—An Ohio paper advertises for exhibition a calf with two heads, six legs, and three tails! It stands on the whole six legs, one head at each end of the body; two fore legs regularly to each front, and two hind legs in the centre of its body, between which there are three tails—two of the usual length, and one shorter. An astonishing little dog, having only two legs, and those at the hind part of its body, on which it will stand erect. A colt with two legs. A [illegible] pig, with two bodies, eight legs, two tails, four ears, and only one head. Also, another pig, of a most curious formation. A chicken, with double head and two beaks. Also a chicken with four legs. A kitten with double head, two bodies, eight legs, and two tails. A snake with two heads, &c.—*Post.*

The ludicrous effect produced on a body of armed Mexicans who beheld for the first time the movements of a steam boat, is thus described by one of their officers:

At the time of the Texian campaign, General Goana, from the interior province of Guanajuato, while on the banks of the Brassos with his troops, ordered seven of his men, who could swim, to go into the water, and *stop a steamboat*, filled with Texian soldiers, which was approaching at the rate of ten or twelve miles an hour! But as she came roaring on, sending forth columns of smoke, with her sides barricaded with cotton bales, not only did the selected seven retreat, but the whole force; eight hundred men; stood appalled at the "serpent of fire," as they thought her. When opposite the valiant army, the engineer let off a terrific blast of steam, and the cavalry wheeled and fled. The infantry broke their line, dropped their muskets, and followed in the retreat, and the steamboat was miles away before the soldiery could be rallied to fire a gun. Indeed it was with the utmost difficulty they could be prevailed upon to approach the banks of the river at all, and when they did so it was with fear and trembling.

Bishop Heber.—A splendid monument in memory of Bishop Heber has been erected, by public subscription, in the south-eastern side of St. Paul's Cathedral. The Bishop is represented in kneeling position, with his left hand resting on the Bible, and the right hand applied to his breast. On the pedestal is a representation of the Bishop confirming two Indians. The monument, which is of very fine marble, was executed by Chantry, and cost £13,000.—*English Paper.*

If departed spirits are capable of surveying the conduct of men, we fear that the spirit of the pious Heber will not be a little disquieted at beholding this monument of folly. That $57,720 should be expended for the purpose of inscribing upon marble the name of a good man is certainly unchristian. $57,000 expended on the cenotaph of a Christian missionary, while still,

"The heathen in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone."—*Christian Watchman.*

The Kentucky Horse Rodolph, which was to run the great race at Oaklands with the pride of Tennessee, Angela, September 20th, is thus graphically described in the Louisville City Gazette:

But the way he walked was a caution. He scarcely seemed to touch the ground, but spurned it with his light hoof, gracely and courtly enough for the Brussels or Turkey carpet of the President's levee rooms. Men gathered around in wonder. So beautiful a specimen of nature's art has rarely met their eyes. His bright glossy bay sides glancing in the sun's rays, like the polished plates of an armed warbarb; and his proud, elastic step betokened blood and confidence. He seemed full of spirit and determination; and if he is not the victor in the coming contest, appearances are most treacherous. It was Rodolph! and if any of our citizens who do not often visit the race field, desire the most splendid specimen of the Horse Kentucky has produced, let them visit Mr. Burbridge's stable. It must be confessed, that yesterday he was a much greater "*lion*," than the President.

Return of the expedition sent after the missing Whaleman.—The ship Cove commanded by Capt. Ross, which was sent out in search of the missing whaleman, has returned without having effected the object. A letter from one of her officers says:

"Our cruise has not terminated in the result which we anticipated on leaving England. We have not been able to ascertain the fate of the remaining ship, and I am afraid there are but few hopes to be entertained of her existence.—Davis' straits and Baffin's bay were full of ice when we left, and no appearance of a break up; a worse season has scarcely ever been seen.—Our passage out was very severe. We examined along the edge of the ice as far as possible, till we arrived at an impenetrable barrier—touching at two or three Danish settlements on the coast of Greenland; after which we returned along the ice, to the Labrador coast, to see if she might be down there. We at last found a missionary's settlement on the Labrador coast, called Akkak, and have had a most beautiful passage across, being only three weeks to morrow since we left it, while we were as many months about in going out. We have done all that our means would allow, in one vessel. The admiralty promised to send other ships out, which did not arrive, so our cruise was at an end. We left all the whale fleet of 60 ships, on the 2d of July, in 74 north latitude, not able to proceed for the ice, and no fish; very bad prospects, but towards the end of the season it may turn out more favorable.

Copy of a letter to the Editors of the National Intelligencer, dated

NATCHITOCHES, (La.) Aug. 28, 1836.

Messrs. Editors: Believing that every thing new or true concerning Texas is of great interest at this crisis in its history, I devote a little leisure in placing at your disposal a sketch of some of the "first impressions" of a short tour into that country, from which I have but just returned. But, in truth, I sit down to give you my last impressions, for they are the most vivid; and the subject being the relations of our Government with Mexico, (for it must be so written until Texas become an acknowledged Power,) will demand attention for its intrinsic importance.

As to the domestic affairs of Texas, I shall, then, at present, merely touch upon some of the prominent points. It has *no* Government, in the modern acceptation of that term; all its pretensions to one are founded on the hasty decrees of a Convention—the remnants of the Mexican municipal laws of *customs*, and some symptoms of military subordination. When the revolutionary state of the times, and the *transient* nature of the population, are considered, it will be conceived that on such foundations the structures totter under unskilled and uncertain hands. The simple truth is, the whole country is under martial law; induced often from a spirit of patriotic devotion, unresisted from habit or weakness.

The Texians must not be blamed for all this; the only wonder is that they have done so well. All have read their new "Constitution," (if they were justifiable in so calling this instrument without a sanction. The 5th of December decides its fate: and on that day, the President, Senators, and Representatives are elected; and, by the law of necessity, conformably to this Constitution, which *may* then be rejected.*—And that eventful day will hear the voice of the People pronounce their national destiny; whether to be a unit in the grand Confederacy, or an independent sovreignty, which she may well become, with millions of citizen supporters.

General Houston will be elected President, and a majority of the People, I predict, will declare for the star-spangled banner.

Texas is said to be millions in debt; her climate and soil are her only wealth. If the struggle be protracted by Mexico (even for a year) and Texas receive not the national *credit*, which an acknowledgment of its independent existence by the United States would give her, the final result, the civil commotions of Mexico out of the question, must yet be considered very doubtful. And this brings me to the subject with which my mind was occupied when I sat down to write; the military interposition of the United States.

On my return through Texas, an accident detained me a number of days at Nacogdoches, seventy miles west of the Sabine, the U. States boundary. There I found encamped two regiments of our Army; dragoons and infantry, and felt myself fortunate to find among them an old friend, a wanderer like myself from the far north. To him I am indebted for most of the *particulars* that follow.

General Gaines, retiring in January last, from Florida, * * * * hurried to this frontier. * * * * * * A regiment was first ordered from the south to constitute a nucleus of his "army of observation." On hearing a report in April of a rapid invasion of Texas, and a panic among the women, he marched his forces to the banks of the Sabine, and made a call upon the Governors of many States for volunteers, amounting in all to six or eight thousand men. By the time these draughts were mustered into service, the rumors on which this most important step was founded proved to be in a great measure false. The volunteers were discharged the service, but in the mean time large supplies for their use and consumption had been purchased and transported many hundreds of miles by water and land. To state one article: there are now at Camp Sabine 136,000 bushels of corn! (see Gen. Gaines' letter to Gov. Carroll, "corn for 3000 horses for six months.") This is said to be all rotten.

The President of Mexico being captured and his army destroyed at the memorable battle of San Jacinto, and Texas rid of the last of her invaders, a stray captain or two, called "commissioners," prisoners at Metamoras, Mexico, wrote a letter bidding the Texians to prepare for another immediate invasion; at the same time some reports of Indian murders in *Texas* were *raised* by the interested. Fired by this rumor of war only 800 miles beyond our frontier, and the Indian stories, our venerable general again called upon the Governors for many more regiments of volunteers, and attracting by this grand parade the public attention to himself on the right side of the Sabine; the Rubicon of national honor; passes it obscurely with the garrison of Fort Gibson.

Fort Gibson, the most exposed of our outposts, the centre of all the emigrating tribes, the immediate region where the sullen and blood-stain[illegible] with a nominal garrison, the Governor of Arkansas was called upon to send 1000 men to reinforce Fort Towson, on Red river, in the midst of the Choctaws, a race who, strange to say, *never* scalped a white man, and who had recently volunteered to fight for the U. States against her enemies, whoever they might be.

One of the ostensible causes of this permanent military occupation of Texas is the *reported* disaffected state of a number of tribes, or fragments of tribes, of Texian Indians, and some that *once* lived on the United States territory. The inhabitants of Texas, rejoicing at the countenance of our troops to their cause, (and perhaps pleased with their expenditures, are highly interested in their presence, and, with great *policy*, raise or spread rumors and reports of these threatened attacks, &c. being *aware*, perhaps, that such monstrous propositions as the following would be seriously listened to in the proper quarter, and promote their views, to wit: That these scattered bands of Indians, set out by Mexicans, (not one of whom now treads the soil of Texas,) conspired the immediate destruction of Nacogdoches, in the presence of two regiments of regulars, their protectors! the *same* Indians who, before their arrival, when Santa Anna flushed with victory, penetrated the heart of Texas, and the few citizens of Nacogdoches present were panic stricken, remained quiet as lambs!

These details may not prove so interesting as circumstances made them to me. Suffice it, that our army has taken a part of much importance in this war; that now, while all is peace in Texas, and they are engaged organizing a civil Government, our troops have been stationed more than a month amongst them, and their winter supplies have been sent for 400 miles to Fort Gibson, where their presence is so much needed; that General Gaines is embodying on the frontier large bodies of militia, who, he tells Governor Carroll, (see his published letter,) "may calculate on a *comfortable* as well as *profitable* tour of service," and, having learned their tactics, "would then, when added to the regular forces, *under any probable change of circumstances*, afford complete protection."

I am yours, &c.

* If the Constitution, which was hastily framed, almost in the presence of the enemy, *be rejected*, the Congress will meet with powers to amend it.

LOWER CANADA—THE CRISIS.

We are in possession of the Quebec papers of Saturday, and Montreal on Monday. The House of Assembly, after an extended and exciting debate, has adopted an answer to the king's reply to the address of last session, which brings the difficulties between the popular and conservative branches of the government to a crisis. The address does not allow the minister's assumption, that their proceedings, in the last session, arose from misapprehension, but persist in all former demands, and in the resolution to withhold all supplies, and to cease the exercise of all legislative functions, until these demands are granted. Among these demands are some to which the parent government can never assent—at least not until the constitution of that government shall have undergone a radical change. Of course Lord Gosford has no other alternative but to dissolve the Parliament. The Quebec Mercury adds of the answer of the House:—

It clearly shows that no good can result from the authorities in Downing street continuing to bandy words with these agitators; they must act vigorously and promptly, for greater evils will arise from following a system of "insinuation, parley, and base truce," than from a manly resistance to the revolutionary spirit which is now arrayed against the government and constitution as it at present exists. The address concludes with some favorable expressions toward the governor, personally which his excellency can hardly receive as a compliment, coming, as they do, at the tail of a tirade against the measures which his lordship's friends have adopted in regard to this colony.

The Montreal Courier of Monday says:—

THE CRISIS MAY NOW, THEREFORE, BE SAID TO HAVE ARRIVED. We are glad of it, and would call upon all who dissent from the party proceedings of the House of Assembly, and those who scorn to be the slaves of a national faction, to consider well what energetic measures they must not now adopt for their own and their country's interest. Something must be done.

A Singular Fact.—A gentleman while sitting one day under a tree in Denbighshire, perceived a spider letting himself down by the web from one of the boughs and descending on a frog, he appeared to sting him. The frog began to leap about, and on coming to a kind of grass somewhat like clover, eat of it; it seemed an immediate cure. He then cut up the grass the frog had eaten of, with a pretty long stick, and put it in another place. In a few minutes he saw the spider descending again. The spider stung the frog the second time, which immediately leaped to the place where he had eaten of the grass, but not finding it he appeared much agitated, and went off leaping at great length, until he became very weak, and in about twenty minutes died.—*Farmers' Gaz.*

EPITOME OF THE TIMES.

The Cholera is rapidly abating in Charleston.

Mr. Edward Conrad, formerly of this city, but late of the Texian army, died in Texas recently.

The Banking Capital in the United States a year since, was two hundred and nineteen million two hundred and fifteen thousand five hundred and forty nine dollars. At present it is supposed to be more than three hundred millions.—*Philada. Inq.*

Forgery.—We regret to learn that John P. Griffith, who has heretofore enjoyed the respect and esteem of the community, the son of one who was once a distinguished merchant, and who has a large family connection of the highest respectability, has been detected in forging the name of his brother-in-law upon paper to the amount of some 40 or 50 thousand dollars. He has made his escape.—*Com. Her.*

Mr. Cass has embarked at New York with his family, for France. CHARLES E. ANDERSON, of the city of New York, goes with him as Secretary of Legation.

Good wages.—Forrest received $1400 for his two nights performance at the Park Theatre.

Surplus Revenue.—The Secretary of the Treasury states, in the Washington Globe that "the amount of money in the Treasury subject to draft," as shown by the running account of the Treasurer, was, on the 1st inst. $41,383,654 95; and "the amount standing to the credit of disbursing officers," as shown by the latest returns received, was $5,396,476 79.

The Germantown Telegraph, says:—"The Wagoner, a tale, which is now going the rounds of the papers, as coming from the author of a "Diary of a late London Physician," is an old affair, and was quite popular about five years ago, when it appeared in this paper."

A new gold mine of Gaudaloupe and Cavo in the state of Chihuahua, has produced since the middle of January unto the end of June, in gold and silver, to the amount of $403,000.

Five dollar counterfeit notes on the Ontario Branch Bank at Utica, are in circulation.

A ship at New York from Canton, reports that the news of the great fire had reached there via Mexico, a few days before the ship sailed, and that it was credited by the *English* residents, but disbelieved generally by the *Americans*.

Newspaper pay.—The Editor of the Methuen Gazette announces that he will take any kind of country produce in exchange for his paper—except children.

Mr. Locke, the roguish author of the moon hoax, has another tough story on the stocks, which will shortly be launched. The scene is laid in the antediluvian world.

The ship Michigan, at New York, from Liverpool, when off Tuskar, on the 15th ult. would have run into an English brig, but for the barking of a *dog*, the other *hands* being asleep.

Money snatching.—As Mr. Solomon Mason was going up Orchard street, New York, with a bank book in his hand, containing between $700 and $800 in money, a fellow snatched it from his hand, and darted into an alley; but being hotly pursued, he dropped his plunder and escaped.

Aid for Texas.—The Vicksburg Register states that Gen. Dunlap of Tennessee is about to proceed to Texas with three thousand men. The whole corps is now at Memphis. Every man is completely armed, the corps having been originally raised for the Florida war.

Cheap Lodgings. There is a porter house in the vicinity of Catharine Market, over which is a room 22 feet by 15, which is fitted up with 113 bunks for lodgers. The bunks are filled with straw, and the charge for lodging is three cents a night. It is said that one hundred and twenty five persons have lodged in the room in one night, part of them sleeping on the floor.—*N. Y. Star.*

Rail Road Accident. Two trains of cars encountered each other on the Schenectady and Saratoga rail-road. A baggage car was crushed like an egg-shell, and many passengers were bruised. One gentleman's leg was broken. The accident is said to have been occasioned by the utter recklessness of the agent. One of the passengers asks, in a letter to the editors of the Journal of Commerce, 'when will the law recognise some penalty for *this* sort of murder?'

In fixing the amount of rail road fares in England, each passenger is charged as much as a ton of goods.

One hundred million yards of calico were manufactured in the United States last year.

Combs were invented in the fifteenth century—consequently Adam never combed his hair.

New York Public Schools.—The whole number of scholars on the Register of the Public School Society of the city of New York for the last year, according to the report of the Commissioner of School Money, was 14,105. The average daily attendance was 9,229, being something less than two thirds of the whole number who occasionally attended.

Large number of emigrating Creeks.—Not less than thirteen thousand Creeks, according to the Columbus, Geo. Inquirer of 13th Sept. had arrived within 15 days previous and taken up the line of march for Arkansas.

A factory of hoes has been established in Reading, Pennsylvania, the machinery of which is propelled by a steam engine of six horse power. The hoes are made from rolled iron which is first cut into proper shape by machinery, and then the eyes are formed by a secondary process. The amount of money paid for *importing* hoes annually is one and a half millions of dollars, consequently the field for enterprise in this department is a wide one.

The country to the west and south-west of Baltimore appears to have been very generally visited by a fall of snow on Wednesday week. In some places it was two or three inches deep.

A Committee of the Common Council of New York, to whom the subject was referred, have reported in favor of making an annual allowance of $200 each to the widows of the two watchmen who lately lost their lives while engaged in the faithful discharge of their duties.

It is calculated that if the public lands were equally divided among the people, every man, woman and child in the country would have 87 acres.

Commerce of Chicago.—The Chicago American says the number of arrivals at that port from the 18th of April last, to the 10th of September, exceeds three hundred and twenty! As our fall business has but commenced, the number of arrivals, before the close of the navigation, will probably exceed five hundred! Last year the number was about two hundred and seventy.—Pretty fair for a place only four years old.

The Belfast stage driver, who lost the money at the Theatre, has been arrested on suspicion of having concealed it.

Hot Corn.—A popular cry in the city of New York, is "hot corn," given in various modifications, and with sundry provisoes which appear to be unknown here. The Express gives the latest version thus—"Hot corn, *hot corn*, HOT CORN," cries some one of the many hucksters, in the voice of Stentor,—"here's your nice hot corn, *three cents salt and butter on, two cents salt on, and one cent nothin' on!*"

Precocious Depravity.—The son of a Mr. Can, the proprietor of a Livery Stable in Great Jones st. (New-York,) lately stole a hundred dollars from his father, as well as a horse and wagon, and set out on a spree. He was a day or two after arrested, having spent all but twelve dollars. He was sent to the House of Refuge.

The Ex Queen of Naples, (Murat's widow, and Napoleon's sister,) has obtained permission to come to Paris, in order to consult the French faculty about her health.

The Columbus (Geo.) Herald of the 27th ult. says that the troubles connected with the Creek Indian war have entirely passed by. The Indians remaining in Alabama do not exceed fifty warriors, all told—peace and tranquility are restored—the farmers have resumed the cultivation of the soil.

Florida has now become the sole theatre of Indian hostilities, and public attention is closely directed to the operations in that quarter.

Bank of the State of New York.—We learn from the New York Gazette of yesterday, that this new banking institution commenced business yesterday, and we learn that a large number of accounts were opened; the deposites amounting to at least one million of dollars. The first discounts will be made to day, the offerings for which were very large.

The citizens of Wheeling, on the Ohio, are indulging in fresh oysters, brought from Chesapeake Bay by stage in 49 hours.

Cure for the Quinsy Sore Throat.—Salt, soft soap and Scotch snuff, an equal quantity of each, thoroughly mixed together, and applied as a plaster to the part affected, is said to be an infallible remedy for quinsy sore throat.

The St. Louis Commercial Bulletin of the 16th states, that within thirty hours previous, more than six hundred passengers had arrived at that place in steamboats. That paper estimates that St. Louis loses one million of dollars per annum, for the want of proper accommodations for strangers.

Mr. Dallas.—The Mobile Register, one of the most violent Van Buren papers in the United States, says, in speaking of Mr. Dallas' letter, that *it proves the author insane*.

Dr. Sylvester Graham has purchased the old Ashmun estate in Pleasant street, Northampton. He has not lived on bran bread for nothing.

Soap with Clay.—The use of pipe, or silicious clay, as an auxiliary for common soap, is found to effect a great saving in the latter article.

We understand that on Sunday last, while a drove of cattle were crossing Grey's Ferry Bridge, the fastenings of the draw gave way, and a number of the cattle were precipitated into the Schuylkill. Several were drowned. We believe Mr. Duffy, a short time since, lost a pair of fine horses at the bridge, by a similar accident. If toll is demanded, ought not the bridge be kept in order? Who is accountable for losses resulting from the ruinous state of the bridge?—*U. S. Gaz.*

Emblematical.—We lately read an account of a rascal who concealed his counterfeit money within the leaves of a Bible. This may be considered a very just emblem of those very common characters, who conceal the villainy of their designs under a great outward respect to religion and the customs of society.

An old lady in an adjoining town, who had ambitious views for her husband—and was much mortified that when he was elected to the House of Representatives, he never made a speech—mixed a gill of yeast with his gin bitters in the morning in order to make him rise when he went to the Hall.

An exchange paper mentions that the names of many of our distinguished men end with *on*. We have Washington, Fulton, Jefferson, Madison, Hamilton, Clinton, Livingston, Hopkinson, Harrison, Wilkinson, Singleton, Marion, Middleton, Jackson, and Houston—also, the three greatest captains of their day, Napoleon, Nelson, and Wellington.

Curious Phenomenon.—A parcel of cooked Rice was exhibited to us, by a gentleman on Saturday the 8th inst. which after having been kept a day, assumed a pink color, and became very offensive to the smell. His family had been using it at their meals. A repetition of the experiment produced a like result.—*Charleston paper.*

Melancholy.—The Weeling Gazette of the 26th ult. says that when the steamboat Home, with the President on board, touched at Portsmouth, Ohio, a salute was to be fired. But the gun was discharged prematurely, and four persons were instantly killed, and two severely wounded.

The account of the Rathbun forgeries had reached England, and occupies a conspicuous place in the London papers, who begin to publish whole pages on American affairs generally.

The municipal authorities of Hamburg have supplied a Brazilian captain with a cargo of condemned criminals to be carried as *settlers* to the Brazils.

A gentleman a few days ago, had his pocket book stolen while attending church at Dedham.

United States.—All the United States cover a surface of nearly two millions and a half square miles, capable of sustaining a population of five hundred millions of human beings.

The import revenue of Boston for 1836, is $4,272,129. In 1835, it was $3,471,346. Increase, $800,833.

The Treasurer of Maryland, in conformity to the Legislative enactment, has subscribed three millions of dollars to the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and the city of Baltimore a like sum.

"Why, this is so short-waisted," said a wag the other day, as he tried on a new coat, "that I shall have to get into a chair to put my hands into my pockets."

Prices at Mobile.—At Mobile, turkies are selling at $5,00 a piece, and milk one dollar per gallon. Don't mention high prices here.

Rathbun, is again in jail—but he wont be there long. There is no jail strong enough in this country to keep fast a man who can count $100,000.

The great race at Louisville between Kentucky and Tennessee, has terminated in favor of the former. *Two hundred thousand dollars* changed hands on the result, and the owner of the Tennessee horse is reported to have lost the trifling sum of $40,000.

The Portland Times contains the following good 'un—'Is that clean butter?' said Mike to a countryman, who had a wagon full of butter for sale on Fore street, last week. 'Guess it ought to be,' replied the countryman, 'it took the old woman and three of the boys all night to *pick the hairs out on't*.'

Change of Heart.—A southern lady, aged 37, has dissolved her connection with the Shakers in order to marry a Mr. Benjamin Bean aged 27. It is to be hoped they will raise a good crop of Beans.

Stone's Monument.—The papers have made a great outcry, because Forrest has erected a monument over the body of J. A. Stone, the cost of which was five hundred dollars. He had better have paid the money to trustees for the use of Stone's children. It would have been a greater honor to the dead, and an advantage to the living.

Distribution of Bank Stock.—We learn that the grand jury of Oneida county have indicted the commissioners of the Oneida Bank Stock for a misdemeanor and fraud in violating their oath by taking more than twenty-five shares, as provided for by the charter.

An English paper says:—"The Americans have been turning their attention to the Black Sea, at last, and there are now on their way from Odessa to the United States four large cargoes of rye. If last quotations be at all supported, the speculation will leave an enormous profit."

Important Decision.—Mr. Hiram K. Hunt recovered $620 damages against the town of Pownal, for contusions received by his wife by the breaking down of their carriage, in consequence of the miserable and dangerous state of a road under the jurisdiction of the town authorities of Pownal. At the time of the accident, a sister and child of Mr. Hunt were killed.

Alarming Pressure at Mobile.—The Mobile Chronicle of the 30th ult. says: "We understand that an agent from a company of land speculators, has drawn from the banks of this city, one hundred and sixty thousand dollars in *specie*. This drain of our specie is the result of the order of the President to the land officers to receive nothing but gold and silver in payment for lands. This, added to the scarcity of money in this city, will, by the necessary curtailment of the issues of the banks, render the pressure almost insupportable."

Dreadful Shipwreck and Loss of Life.—The following paragraph is extracted from the New York Evening Star of Tuesday last: "The schooner North America was capsized in a gale of wind on Sunday, by which unfortunate accident twenty-one passengers, beside the captain and crew were drowned."

Melancholy Suicide.—The New York Evening Star, says—"The Hon. W. C. Jarvis, late Speaker of the House of Representatives for Massachussetts, committed suicide at Claremont, N. H. on the 3d inst. while in a state of mental derangement. Mr. J. has left an amiable wife. Letters addressed to his wife full of kindness and affection, were found upon his person. Mr. J. had been defrauded out of his property."

The Post says the best way to disperse a mob is to hand round a contribution box. A better way is for the Post to undertake to deliver a speech. [The *Boston* Post is alluded to.]

Little minds, thirsting for office, will be solicitous for the public weal, and make known merits and claims in themselves, which no other being ever dreamed of.

Three ship locks of seven feet lift only, would overcome the falls of St. Mary, and open the navigation of lake Superior to the shippers of Buffalo. The canal would not be a mile in length and the ground is favorable for the work. Sixteen hundred miles of coast navigation would be added to the present amount. Vast tracts of valuable land would be opened to the public, and the boundless treasures taken from the woods, the waters and the land would repay the trouble and expense necessary to carry out the project. One hundred thousand dollars would cover the cost of the work.

Upper Police.—Disturbing Public Worship.—A well dressed white man, named John Westervelt, went on Sunday night into the African Methodist Church, in Fifteenth streets, made sundry noises and becoming disorderly and disturbing the congregation, he was taken into custody, handed over to the watchman, and sent to the watch house. In the morning justice Palmer, of the upper police, fined him $25 and costs, and committed him until it should be paid, also ordering him to find bail to be of good behaviour for six months.—*N. Y. Jour. Com.*

A Dublin paper states that a very important discovery has lately been made in the scientific world, by a Mr. Mullins, M. P.—that of applying galvanism instead of steam for propelling vessels and carriages. This discovery, the Boston Mercantile Journal says, was made in this country and promulgated through the medium of the press more than two years ago, we believe. The inventor, was an ingenious but uneducated mechanic in the state of Vermont—who had not the pecuniary means requisite for adapting his curious invention to any considerable useful purpose.

The flour manufactured in Chili, as we gather from the Traveller, is considered in Lima as fully equal in quality to the best from North America. A mill built in 1829, near Conception, now grinds one hundred barrels of flour in a day.—Ship biscuit is baked in such quantities that the North Americans have lost this branch of trade: for the foreign men of war, and even merchantmen, supply themselves from the depots which the Chilians have established in Valparaiso and Lima.

The haciendos (or farms) in the central provinces of Chili have herds of cattle consisting of 10 or 16 thousand head. In the year of 1826 to 1832, a vast number of cattle perished in consequence of drought. It appears from an official statement that in the year 1831 alone 515,326 heads of cattle died of hunger in the provinces of Coquimbo and Copiapo.

Last Tuesday was the first discount day of the new Bank of the State of New York. We understand the amount of offerings reached the unprecedented sum of *three millions six hundred thousand dollars*, of which about a million or twelve hundred thousand dollars was discounted.

Rapid Travelling.—We have conversed, says the Boston Gazette of Monday, with a gentleman who left Philadelphia at 6 o'clock on Saturday morning, and arrived in this city yesterday, by the rail-road cars, at 9 o'clock, in time to attend the forenoon service at church—twenty seven hours from city to city, three of which were spent in New York.

The owner of the race horse Rodolph, which took the purse near Louisville, Ky. has been offered $15,000 for him, which he refused. He originally cost but $150.

For nearly three hundred years after the death of Jesus Christ, not one of the Christian church took up a weapon for warlike purposes.

Talent.—What we want in natural abilities, may generally and easily be made up in industry, as a dwarf may keep pace with a giant, if he will but move his legs a little faster. 'Mother!' said the Spartan boy, going to battle, 'my sword is too short.' 'Add a step to it,' was the reply.

Doctors.—The Philadelphia Sentinal says that N. Y. has a greater variety of Physicians than any other city in the world.—The Sentinal enumerates them thus:—

Regulars, Irregulars, Brussarians, Sangradoarians, Morrisonians, Brantheshians, Beechitarians, Botanics, Regular Botanics, Thomsonians, Reformed Thomsonians, Theoretical Practical, Experimental, Dogmatical, Emblematical, Magnetical, Electrical, Diplomatical, Aomopathians, Rootist, Herbists, Florist, and Quacks.

'You are a crooked fellow,' said a wight of four feet to a tall, round shouldered neighbor.—'And you are a straight one,' answered the other, 'because there is not length in your body to form a crook.'

Post Office Department.—By an authentic statement from the Treasurer's office, it appears that the funds of this Department remaining in Bank on the 1st of last month were as follows, viz:—Whole amount in bank, $388,319 11; Warrants issued and not paid, 58,757 78: disposable funds on hand, $329,561 33. This amount is rapidly increasing, and will continue to increase for some months, before arrangements can be perfected for its judicious expenditure.

Eleven new steamboats are now being built at the different ports on Lake Erie, some of which are larger than any now afloat upon the Lakes, and they will find business enough.

Rev. Isaacco Arron, an Armenian priest, was passenger in the Aurora, from Smyrna, which arrived at Boston. He is said to be the first who ever visited this country.

Gaming is a magical stream; if you do but wade far enough into it to wet the soles of your feet, there is an influence in the water which draws you irresistibly in, deeper and deeper, till you are sucked into the roaring vortex and perish.

It will be seen that Michigan refuses the act admitting her into the Union. Her vote will, of course, be lost on the Presidency.

We mentioned a few weeks since that ladies were in great demand in Wisconsin Territory. A damsel might rely confidently on having the question popped at least a score of times in a month from her advent.

Seth Thayer, Jr. clerk of the steamboat Rhode Island, was the person who stole the $39,000 in gold from the Captain's office. He has confessed the crime, and the whole sum lost has been returned to the Agent of the Bank in New York. The steward of the boat is also suspected of being an accomplice. Young Thayer is 19 years of age, and son of the highly respectable commander of the Rhode Island. He has we learn, left the country.—*New Bedford Mercury.*

A Tough Job.—'My brethren,' said a preacher, descanting on the difficulties of the sinner, 'it is a very easy task to row a skiff over Niagara Falls, but a tremendous job to row it back again.'

Galvanism.—M. Magendie has reported to the French Academy of Sciences some successful results arising from the application of galvanism to a young patient, a Polish officer, who for five years had been perfectly deaf, dumb, and deprived of all taste. Several modes of treatment had been adopted at Vienna and Trieste, without success, but M. Magendie, by directing the galvanic current to the nerves affected, has reproduced sensibility in those of hearing and taste, and is now trying to restore the power of speech.

Vipers.—One of the contractors near Mauch Chunk, was engaged in writing till late one evening last week, and on retiring to bed, discovered two beautifully variegated vipers com[illegible], which he despatched and retired to his bed in the same room. Soon after he heard a hissing noise when he procured a light and discovered another endeavoring to get in his bed. The gentleman, after jumping over him to procure a light, disliking his snakeship as a lodger, vi et armis expelled him from his office, and was no more disturbed during the night.

Cunning.—The New York Evening Star says,—A short time since High Constable Hays went to search a house, where a man had been robbed of a $100 bill. After a strict search, he was about to leave the premises, without success, when he suddenly turned to the old woman in attendance, and giving her his hand, wished her a good bye. In so doing, the crafty officer drew a tailor's thimble from her finger, in which was hidden the *identical note!* This worthy functionary has obtained such a knowledge of human nature, in consequence of his long practice, that he is almost omniscient."

Flogging Soldiers. During the last three years, 588 soldiers of the British Army have undergone the punishment of the lash. That is a trifle in comparison with the flogging in the American Navy. John Randolph of Roanoke declared after a passage to England in one of our frigates, that there had not been so many stripes dealt out to all his slaves during thirty years, as he had seen inflicted on the backs of American seamen during the passage.

Interesting from Spain.—The Topliffs have received at Gibraltar papers to Aug. 1st inclusive. It appears from them that every thing in Spain is in a more unsettled state than ever. Something like a revolution has taken place at Malaga. The military, it would appear, were opposed to both the governments of the Queen and Don Carlos; they had murdered the military and civil Governors of the place, and on the 26th July the Constitution of 1812 was solemnly proclaimed and sworn to in that city, amidst cries of *Liberty!* and *Down with the Tyrants!* A new Junta, or Board of Government, had been established.—*Trans.*

A correspondent of the New York American states that experiments have lately been made in France, for the cure of cholera, which are simple in their character, but attended with success in cases deemed incurable. The remedy is to put the patient into a warm bath made of very salt water; and instances are said to have occurred where bodies which have been much discolored have, from remaining immersed for three hours, been gradually restored to their original whiteness. Of the length of time the attending physician must judge. The process by which the cure is effected is supposed to be the liquifying of the coagulated blood through the agency of the salt, thus restoring the circulation. In cases where there are no bathing tubs at hand, the gum elastic bath might be easily carried from house to house, and would serve every purpose.

Miss Clifton is at present an object of admiration at Boston. Her reception was enthusiastic, surpassing anything of the kind since the days of Fanny Kemble. As Kean said, the audience *rose* at her, and for several minutes nothing was to be heard in the house but reiterated exclamations of surprise at her exceeding beauty. The following, which we copy from the Boston Transcript, may be taken as a sample of about a dozen other complimentary notices of this distinguished actress.

There was but one universal expression of delight, there could not be but one. Her figure is majestic, and almost faultlessly proportioned. So tall and yet so well formed and graceful an actress we have never seen. Her face is beautiful, and full of expression. Her voice is not voluminous but is rich, round and melodious.—Her actions are unembarrassed, and her gesticulation exceeding graceful.

As an actress, she far surpasses all expectation. Her reading was very correct and beautiful. Her style, as suited to the passage or the situation, was fascinatingly quiet or startlingly impassioned—but never tame nor tempestuous. She will take the town by storm. The New Yorkers—if they claim her as their own—know not what a diamond they possess. We must teach them her value.

Cure for a Rattlesnake Bite.—A gentleman of great intelligence, who has recently travelled much in this State, gave us a new remedy for the poison of the rattlesnake. It is the free use of saltpetre internally, as well as to the injured part. He illustrated the value of his remedy by an example. While crossing the prairie his horse was bitten; the limb and side soon became very much swollen. It was some hours before he arrived at a house, when he commenced bathing the swollen part with a strong solution of saltpetre, and gave it internally. The swelling rapidly disappeared, and the horse soon recovered. The person who proposed the remedy, said it was a sure cure. While the safest practice is no doubt to cut out the part bitten, and apply cupping glasses, or what is better, suck the wound with the mouth; this remedy is well worth remembering and trying, especially when it is too late to cut out the bitten part, as will be the case after the swelling has commenced.—*Alton Ill. Spectator.*

…ladelphia Prices Current.

…IDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 14.

…ed for the Saturday Evening Post, from Bicknell's …ever, Counterfeit Detector, and Prices Current.

Sugar-loaf o. …
do. N. York ……17 80
do. Philada ……16 20
do. Steam ……21 22
Trinidad ……12 13
Porto Rico ……15 17
Eng. French Isl. ……34 36
Hav. & Matanzas ……37 41
MACKEREL.
No. 1, bbl. ……9 25 9 50
No. 2 ……8 25 8 50
No. 3 ……5 5 25
OIL.
Linseed, Am. from store ……90 90
do Dutch ……1 04 1 05
Whale..gal. ……30 35
Sperm. winter ……1 00 1 05
do summer ……90 95
PLASTER PARIS.
In Del'ware ton
In Schuylkill ……3 00 3 25
SEEDS.
Clover..bush ……5 50 6 00
Flaxseed rough 70 1 75
do..clean cask
Timothy..bbl ……2 50 3 25
Herds..bush
Orchard grass ……2 00
WHISKEY.
Rye in bbls ……41 42
do in hhds ……39 39½
do from wagons ……38 39½
WOOL.
Prime Saxony fleece
Am. wash. ful bl'd ……60 62½
do ¾ blood ……50 55
do ½ blood ……45 50
do ¼ and com. ……40 45
Am. unw'sh ful bl'd ……30
do ¾ blood ……27 28
do ½ blood ……26 27
do ¼ and com. ……25 26
Sup'r. pulld lambs ……38 40
No. 1. do ……35 36
No. 2. do ……
No. 3. do ……
Spa sheep, E.F.&S. 35 38
do lambs ……60 1 00

…IBSON'S SATURDAY EVENING POST.
PHILADELPHIA.
…aturday, October 15, 1836.

CLUBBING.

…h a view to consult the convenience of those …sire to subscribe to our several papers, but …erred by the want of small notes in several States, we make the following offer:—

…opies of the Nat. Atlas, 1 year, for $10 00
…ook of Nature, 2 vols. 240 copper …s with many thousand elegant en…ings of animals, &c. together with …r of the National Atlas, $10 00
…sket and National Atlas 1 year, $5 00
…y Evening Post and Nat. Atlas 1 year, $5 00
…ded in all cases the cash be remitted with

…iption price of the National Atlas, $3 a …at is, when less than 4 copies are ordered at …

…rt E. Horner, of Princeton, New Jersey, …longer agent for the S. E. Post, Casket, …All persons are cautioned against paying …bscription bills, or money due the pub…of this paper.

Elections.—The annual elections through…nsylvania, took place on Tuesday last. …city the Whigs have carried their tic…y large majorities, and have also succeed…lecting their County Commissioner, Co…and Auditor.

…*th of the Hon. R. H. Goldsborough.*—Mr. …orough, one of the representatives of Ma… in the Senate of the U. States, died at …dence near Easton, Md. on the 5th inst. …a conscientious and upright statesman, …ce represented his State in the National …le, besides filling many other posts of ho…th credit to himself.

…Gaines has published a letter to the …f Tennessee, rebuking the President for …ding his requisition for a regiment of …men. The General says that on the …l of hostilities between Mexico and Tex…rce of 7000 men will be necessary to de… inhabitants of the territory in dispute … United States and Mexico, and that his …force is but 1600.

…hat foreign arrivals at New York bring … papers down to the 10th ult. In Paris … Cabinet had been formed, bringing the …aires again into power. The Paris pa…nd letters teemed with rumors of plots …nspiracies in that capital.

… Queen Regent of Spain has issued a …mation pledging a faithful adherence to …stitution of 1812, but announcing that that …ent would be revised and amended by …rtes, to be assembled for that purpose on …th of this month—The aspect of affairs …her favorable to the Queen.

…s.—The O. P. Q. correspondent of the …York Daily Advertiser, in his third letter … Spanish question, says, that the popular …s not been for liberty only, but for the …itution of 1812, thereby indicating minis…responsibility; moderate taxation and ex…re; increase of the elective franchise; a …l chamber; and, if any at all, not an …ary peerage.

…igan.—At a recent convention of the …of Michigan, the act of the last session …ress, for the admission of that Territory …Union, was rejected by a vote of 28 to … act proposed as a measure of compro…at the boundary claimed by Ohio should …ceded to her, and that a large tract of ter…n Wisconsin, by way of compensation, … be assigned to Michigan. Mr. Adams … the act as one of injustice to Michigan, …prest the hope that she would reject it.— …done so. The point of collision between …d herself, is at Toledo, where, so soon as …te shall attempt to exercise jurisdiction by …a court there, further difficulties may be …ended.

… U. States officers in East Florida, of a …grade, have refused to be commanded by …vernor of that territory, as Commander in …f the military forces there; he having, it is …, no military rank according to the laws. …only one of the series of untoward events …e transpired in Florida from the very …cement of her Indian hostilities, down …present moment, as though all the ele…ral and physical, had combined against

…Call's Indian allies (1000 strong) predict …r appearance on the scene will cause …inoles to surrender forthwith. As Mr. …says, *Nous verrons.*

…*r's Dramatic Library.*—F. Turner is …ng a series of *acting plays*, in a neat …e form, with descriptions of costume, …characters, and stage business, &c. Rich… and the Heir at Law have just made …pearance.

…*n Album.*—Among the multiplicity of …blications calculated only to amuse, …e that aims at something higher and …combining elegance with instruction— …istian's Annual—a most appropriate gift …oming New Year.

…*ylor Scrap Book.*"—Messrs. Carey, Lea …nchard have just published a very ele…nual, of quarto size, under the above …mprising sixteen beautiful engravings, …tical and other illustrations. It is the …stly and superb publication of the kind …ever issued from the press in this coun…

…*morials of Mrs. Hemans.*"—From the … Messrs. Carey, Lea & Blanchard, have …peared. They are edited by Henry F. …, and comprise a literary biography of …emans, interspersed with many of her …to her friends. It is quite an interesting …, and must prove very acceptable to the …rs of that lady.

It is infinitely humiliating to reflect that the chair of the Chief Magistrate of these States,—instead of being in reserve as the highest and last reward for distinguished public services—has been suffered to become a bone of contention—the object of bargain and intrigue—among the descendants—degenerate, we had almost styled them—of the virtuous fathers of the Republic. Have we already arrived—in the space of little more than half a century—at that critical stage in the history of nations, at which the national mind is supposed to enter upon its career of inevitable retrogression? Have the political institutions of this country indeed past through those successive periods of bloom and maturity, which, in the progress of the fine arts, a learned German conceives to be followed, always, by rapid and irresistable decay? The theory of Schlegel—borne out by the illustrious and hardly less melancholy annals of the human mind—applies, perhaps, with no less truth and relevancy to the political than to the literary history of nations. Better that the voice of a thousand years should have responded to the foregoing questions in the affirmative, and that the doom which extinguished forever the political and military glory of the free states of antiquity, should at this moment impend over those of the American Union, than that the novel and disgraceful spectacle of a young nation—the cradle of whose liberty has hardly yet ceased to rock—anticipating, as it would seem, the period of its downfall—contending (not in the better sense of that word) for honors which its genius alone should hope to win, and its virtues to wear—mistaking the petty triumphs of a moment, for the lasting renown of "bright improvement"—false, in short, to the trust bequeathed to it by its pious founders—better, we repeat, that these States should become extinct, than such a spectacle be exhibited to that world whose eyes are at this moment fixt upon the progress of our free institutions, watching to see if the political problem upon which so much speculation has been lavished—whether, in the history of governments, the representative system, as pervading a given extent of territory, and embracing a proportionate population, be [at all feasible—be indeed destined to be realised

"In climes of Washington and Bolivar."

The preceptor of Alexander has been censured for lending the authority of his name for the belief, that, in a free State the numbers requisite at once for deliberation and defence, can never be adjusted—that the greater number would render legislation impracticable, and the lesser prove inadequate to repel invasion, or achieve conquest. The present aspect of affairs in this country, would, however, seem to give countenance to the idea. That the national councils of Washington are distracted and diverted from all constitutional ends, by the inevitably conflicting interests arising out of diverging points in the geography of the country, has in the course of the last few years been made abundantly manifest—and in more instances than one. What at this moment is the spectacle exhibited? One that might well summon the blush to our cheeks. The chief functionary of the government, careless of the station to which in an evil hour he was elevated—lost to the dignity that belongs to it, and wanting in the virtues that should fill it—attended by partizans and trainbearers, making an electioneering tour through the country, with the known and almost avowed object of promoting the political views of one whom *he* has selected to succeed him in the office which he now fills. Those who should be foremost to enlighten by their wisdom, and vindicate by their valor, the councils and character of their young and interesting country, have, on the contrary, shadowed its escutcheon by a cold ingratitude, and stained it by acts little short of deliberate treason to its honor and best interests. A selfish and unholy ambition—if by that honorable name we may designate the partisan zeal of crafty men—presides over the councils of the country, pervading the whole body politic, which, thus tainted at its core—undermined by a host of recreant and false hearted aspirants—threatens sooner or later to fall upon their heads, and bury them beneath its indignant ruins.

"*Hear both Parties,*" is a safe maxim, and we accordingly give in our paper of to-day, a letter relative to the affairs of Texas, recently addressed to the editors of the National Intelligencer, in which it will seen that the writer takes a far more favorable, and we are inclined to think just, view of the present condition of that interesting country, than did the Messrs. Wilson and Postlethwait, in their late publication upon the subject.

In Maryland the conduct of the nineteen Van Buren minority Electors have destroyed the party there, and given an ascendancy to the Whig cause.

THEATRICALS.

Finn concluded a very successful and of course profitable engagement at the Walnut street house on Monday last. If that gentleman never said a foolish thing, he certainly did not do a very wise one, in playing *Richard* the night previous to his benefit. He seemed to go purposely out of his line in order to burlesque a fine tragedy—a thing he would not have been permitted to do in London, and one that was creditable neither to his good sense nor good taste. It was one of the most solemn farces we ever witnessed; that is, the little we seen of it, which was quite enough; and yet the pit applauded him. When audiences sanction such absurdities, they will always find actors ready enough to get them up.

In the Ternans, who have succeeded him, we have two admirable and most efficient representatives of the heroes and heroines of the tragic drama. Mr. Ternan is a most sterling and accomplished performer, and his lady (late the celebrated Miss Jarman) one of the best actresses of the age. Her "Julia" in the "Hunchback," was played on Wednesday night last, in a spirit worthy of the character. The great scene, towards the conclusion of the play, was thrilling and triumphant. Mr. Ternan's "Walter" was all that the part required. Mr. Connor acquitted himself as he is wont to do. He is a young performer of very fine powers, and always manages to interest the audience. Mrs. Willis looked as pretty and played as well as she always does.

At the Chesnut street house, Tyrone Power still continues a *power* of attraction.

From the Montreal Gazette of Sept. 29.

MARIA MONK.

William L. Stone, Esq., editor of the New York Commercial Advertiser, having visited this city a few days ago, the opportunity was taken of inducing that gentleman to visit the interior of the Hotel Dieu Nunnery, with a view of testing the truth of Miss Monk's "Awful Disclosures." We are happy to hear that this task he readily accepted, and in the company of Mrs. Stone, Mr. Frothingham, of this city, and another gentleman and lady, from the United States, made a most minute and careful examination of the whole of that building from the garret to the cellar. He was freely allowed to inspect every room, by the ladies of the institution, and it is with pleasure we state, that though he entered within its walls somewhat inclined to a belief in many of Miss Monk's statements, he now expresses his firm conviction of the utter falsehood of the story which has been promulgated in the name of that abandoned female.—Mr. Stone personally requested the company of the Rev. Mr. Clary, of this city, a correspondent of the bigotted faction in New York, who patronise and support the gentle Maria, but that Rev. gentleman, who has on previous occasions complained that he could not get an entrance into the nunnery, declined, for reasons best known to himself, to take advantage of the opportunity offered him freely.

Very Mysterious.—A Miss Prescott of New York, advertises that she will instruct adult ladies at her Institution, "89 Leonard street, one door west of Broadway," in the most *confidential* manner, but owing to the great number of her pupils, she is obliged to confine herself exclusively to teaching Penmanship and the English Grammar. Her terms are only 18 dollars for eighteen lessons—four a week, in Penmanship, and $10 for 24 *lectures* two a week, on Grammar.

A landlord in Connecticut notifies the "Second Regiment of Horse Artillery," or such of them as decamped without paying for their dinners on muster day, that unless they call and "settle," he shall publish a black list.

The editor of the New York Commercial Advertiser has published a refutation—regarded as full and satisfactory—of the calumnies of the notorious Maria Monk. The editor recently visited the Hotel Dieu Nunnery, at Montreal, where he collected in person all the facts of the case which he has since submitted to the public. His "disclosures" will prove a most effective foil to those of the amiable Miss Maria, and preclude the possibility of her again duping the public.

We have not room to copy Col. Stone's report, or even to give any thing like an extended abstract of it. He however most incontestibly proves that neither Maria Monk nor Frances Patridge (the pretended newly escaped nun) ever saw the interior of the Hotel Dieu Nunnery, and that their accounts of it are all totally false. We copy the concluding words of Col. Stone's report:

"I will therefore now close this protracted narrative, by expressing my deliberate and solemn opinion, founded not only upon my own careful examination, but upon the firmest convictions of nearly the entire population of Montreal—embracing the great body of the most intelligent evangelical Christians, THAT MARIA MONK IS AN ARRANT IMPOSTOR, AND HER BOOK IN ALL ITS ESSENTIAL FEATURES, A TISSUE OF CALUMNIES. However guilty the Catholics may be in other respects, or in other countries, as a man of honor and professor of the Protestant faith, I MOST SOLEMNLY BELIEVE THAT THE PRIESTS AND NUNS ARE INNOCENT IN THIS MATTER."

WILLIAM L. STONE.

New York, October 8, 1836.

The fact is, and we believe we have mentioned it before, Maria Monk was in an Asylum for unfortunate females of a certain description, at Montreal, and a part of her "Disclosures" had reference to that institution,—the rest is but the coinage of her brain, and was just what might have been looked for from a person of her character. It is to be regretted that her cause should have been espoused by portions of our religious communities.

COMMUNICATION.

WALNUT STREET THEATRE.

At Mr. Finn's benefit on Monday night last, an admirable entertainment was offered, which passed off with eclat, and the speech Finn made, on being called out, was the most witty effort of the kind, perhaps, ever spoken, and much more than repaid the price of admission. We hope to see him soon again.

The Ternans are drawing full and fashionable houses—and most deservedly. Mr. T. is an admirable actor; and his lady is without an equal.

On Monday night, the Ternans appear in Shakespear's "Winter's Tale," produced expressly for them. The interest of the drama will be increased by Wemyss bringing upon the scene all the gorgeous pageantry of the piece. In such things as these, there is no manager in the country can compare with Mr. W.

We have heard men, from some of the knowing ones, touching this "Nautical Drama," announced on the bills of the American Theatre. The arrangements, it is said, are much more extensive than are usually entered into; and we are assured the performance, in its resemblance to things real, will be as near perfection as it is possible. Wemys's success in this branch of management is, doubtless, unprecedented. We look for something uncommonly excellent, and know we shall not be disappointed.

Sacrilege and Robbery.—This morning at an early hour, St. Mary's, Church, Fourth street, was entered by some persons unknown, and several of the sacred vessels of the altar were taken away. The perpetrators of the outrage seem to have entered by one of the back windows, which was found raised; the exterior blind of that and another back window having been previously removed, and a pane of glass broken through which the hand was introduced to withdraw the inner fastening. Several locks were violently forced open, and a diligent search for every thing valuable seems to have been made. A small amount of silver coin was carefully selected from a quantity of copper money, which owing to some circumstance the robbers took no farther than the door of the church. Several of the vestments were torn for the purpose of abstracting the gold lace with which they were ornamented.—*Nat. Gaz. Oct* 12.

A Consummate Villain.—Evan McDowell is perhaps one of the most heartless scoundrels that ever lived in any community. He left his wife at the point of death, and ran away with her sister. On the day following, the wife died, and is represented as having been found in the most shocking state, altogether from neglect.—McDowell is said to have escaped from justice several times. He is about 5 feet 10 or 11 inches high, light hair, about thirty-seven years of age; has a large mark across his nose, and another across his lip, and is very fond of wrestling, gambling, &c. Sarah Weberly, the sister-in-law, seems to have exhibited equal depravity. She procured the horse and wagon in which they absconded, and which was sold in Baltimore. She was to have been married in a few days to a workman on the Brandywine, obtained money from her lover to purchase her *out-fit*, and then absconded with her sister's husband. She is about 19 years of age, rather masculine in her appearance, dark hair, large mouth, good teeth and makes pretentions with being acquainted with mineralogy. *Wilmington (Del.) Gaz.*

Remarkable Snow Storm.—A letter from Skeneateles, N. Y., noticed in a New York paper, and dated on Thursday last, gives an account of one of the most extraordinary snow storms that ever occurred at this time of year in any section of our country:—"On Wednesday morning it commenced snowing, and it continued to fall profusely during the whole of that day and the next. It was computed that the fall of snow, but for the rapid melting, would have equalled three feet. As it was, the snow lay sixteen inches deep at the time the letter was written. Great destruction took place among the fruit and forest trees, which were broken by the burden of snow resting upon them. Such a storm, at such a period of the year, is altogether without precedent in this climate, and adds a prominent item to the eccentricities of this remarkable season."

Encouraging.—Here is a hint for dairy farmers in the interior. The New York papers say that so soon as cold weather commences, the good people of that city will be supplied with milk at the rate of *four cents the quart.* Arrangements have been made with hundreds of farmers in the interior, and in New Jersey, to furnish immense quantities of frozen milk. In this way it can be transported a great distance without difficulty, and will pay a handsome profit to those who have heretofore given large quantities to their hogs.

Prizes for Virtuous Actions.—Among the list of persons to whom was decreed by the French Academy at their last session, the Monthyon prizes for virtuous actions, the following cases are mentioned. Claudine Trelle received a medal of one thousand francs value. This woman had devoted her whole life, all her time, all her property to primary instruction, without any other recompense than the pleasure of teaching young shepherds to read. These children she fed and taught, and now, though grown decrepid, leaning on two crutches, spinning at her distaff, she still continues at her noble and modest business. Jean Paselle also received a medal of a thousand francs value. This woman, during twenty years was the nurse of her father, and was compelled, every time he took nourishment, to force open with her feeble hands his mouth, which was convulsively pressed together, from whence a torrent of blood flowed, and in the effort her own fingers were sadly lacerated, and finally became entirely mutilated. Another prize was decreed to the widow Auconin, the daughter of a sea captain, and whose husband had been master of a coasting vessel. She, without any fortune, by her own labor alone, had supported, nursed and assisted for fifteen years six children of a sister and the husband of that sister, who had fallen into decrepitude.

The two first prizes of four thousand francs each, belonged of right to Lawrence Queter, a fisherman of Douai, who at fifteen years of age had already saved the lives of twenty-nine persons, and to Louisa Renee Menard, a young lady born rich and destined to a life of ease and pleasure; this was her vocation, her hope and her reward. At the age of nineteen, when one is so happy in living for happiness or for the hope of gaining it, she thought only of others, and fed at that time two hundred families. Nicolas Plege received a prize of two thousand francs. This man was by trade a rope dancer, and used the agility he had learned in his profession in striding over burning joists and shaking rafters and running from danger to danger to save men, wherever there were men to be saved. The imprudence of a servant at Alencon had set fire to a house in that city. The unfortunate man perished in the flames, notwithstanding the efforts of Plego to save him. He, as usual, went twice through the burning house, and burnt his own feet, his only instruments for gaining a living, in his efforts. The children of this servant were left without support—and Plego, with his burnt feet, gave a representation the evening before his departure, and devoted the entire proceeds of it to the orphans. "This rope dancer (as Mr. Nodier, the prize distributor, well remarked,) this rope dancer was an excellent citizen."

Types.—An editor wrote that a contemporary had taken a damsel—'for better for worse.' The printers have it, by mistake, 'for butter and rice.'

Second Congressional District.

	Sergeant.	Toland.	Reed.	Longstreth.
Upper Delaware,	305	399	298	297
Lower Delaware,	401	401	224	226
High Street,	319	317	131	134
Chesnut,	251	246	109	100
Walnut,	234	234	66	66
Dock,	351	393	117	116
North Mulberry,	372	378	382	383
South Mulberry,	373	372	248	250
North,	479	479	280	280
Middle,	334	336	199	199
South,	403	401	139	141
Locust,	416	417	291	291
New Market,	333	331	233	234
Pine,	344	346	116	117
Cedar,	406	404	238	236
Total,	5321	5313	3066	3078

ASSEMBLY.

Harrison.		Van Buren.	
Chas. B. Trego,	5250	Wm. Thompson,	3105
Wm. B. Fling,	5249	Wm. V. Pettit,	3114
H. S. Spackman,	5223	Wm. Stephens,	3127
Jos. B. Smith,	5213	Tho. B. Florence,	3111
Jos. McIlvaine,	5242	James H. Horn,	3101
J. W. Tyson,	5247	Wm. Stewart,	3125
Benj. Duncan,	5240	Francis Cooper,	3121

SELECT COUNCIL.

Wm. M. Meredith,	5096	Joseph R. Evans,	3121
Thomas Dunlap,	5108	Evans Rogers,	3119
Cornelius Tiers,	5104	Dr. G. F. Lehman,	3215
Isaac Elliott,	5097	Thomas Roney,	3201

COMMON COUNCIL.

James Rowland,	5070	Isaac Wainwright,	3273
B. M. Hinchman,	5037	Thomas Hunt,	3261
Isaac Otis,	5042	A. S. Lippincott,	3265
Alex. M'Causland,	5050	Geo. W. Tryon,	3274
John Thomason,	5023	John Beaner,	3255
Wm. Rawle,	5061	Wm. Camm,	3263
Alex'r. Ferguson,	5077	S. H. Perkins,	3265
Jos. T. Mather,	5076	C. Macalaster,	3262
Dr. C. B. Matthews,	5065	Geo. K. Childs,	3254
Wm. V. Aderson,	5069	David Boyd,	3132
John S. Warner,	5067	James Fearon,	3248
F. Fraley,	4961	Hugh Catherwood,	3233
James Crissy,	5065	Thos. S. Stewart,	3241
James Hutchinson,	5063	Enos S. Gandy,	3254
James Andrews,	5075	J. Rutherford, sen.	3249
Wm. S. Perot,	5080	John Welbank,	3246
Henry Sailor,	5066	Samuel Porter,	3226
Timothy Caldwell,	5067	Benj. Wiley,	3243
Richard Price,	5004	James Torbert,	3251
John Lindsay,	5074	George Smith,	3240

Foreign News.

The packet ship England, at N. York, brings accounts to the 3d Sept.

The scarcity of money in England rather increased. The London Morning Herald has the following statement relative to the refusal of the bank of England to discount American bills, a measure which it will be recollected was anticipated in the correspondence published by us about a fortnight ago.

With regard to the Liverpool and Manchester bills, founded on the export trade to the U. States, which were so recklessly thrown out last week, to the astonishment of the whole trading interest, who knew the perfect solidity of them, a sort of compromise appears to have been come to. On the news reaching Liverpool a deputation was sent up to confer with the directors on the subject, and they had a conference on Tuesday with the Governor and Deputy Governor, and Mr. Horsley Palmer. After a full discussion on all the points at issue, they were given to understand that no obstacle would now be thrown in the way of discounting American bills arising out of fair business transactions, though a wish was expressed on the part of the Bank to check such foreign stock transactions as would have a tendency to drain the country of specie. Between these and the legitimate transactions of commerce, the Bank Directors, if they understand their business, should always be able to distinguish; and such a declaration was therefore quite superfluous.

The Bank of England Directors, on the 1st of September, resolved to raise the rate of interest on bills and notes discounted, to 5 per cent.

We have accounts from Paris to Aug. 31, at which date no ministerial appointment has been made. M. Duchalle, M. Guizot, M. Mole, and M. de Montalivet had had interviews with the King, but there appeared to be obstacles to an arrangement which should include these gentlemen. M. Thiers proposed to quit France for Germany or Italy.

M. de la Rue, who had been on a mission from the French Government to the Emperor of Morocco, had succeeded in his mission, and was on his return to Tangiers, to embark for France.

There was news from Madrid to the 23d. There had been no serious disturbance there subsequent to the 15th, but the inhabitants were in a state of alarm. Gen. Cordova had arrived in France from Spain, having been exposed to considerable danger on his way. Gen. Mina had resigned his command in Catalonia, on the plea of ill health. The command of the army had devolved on Espartero, who had been engaged against Gomez with success.

The Coronation of the Emperor of Austria as King of Bohemia, was to take place on the 1st Sept. and that of the Empress on the 10th.

Fire in London.—A fire broke out on the morning of Aug. 30, in the warehouse of Mr. Wilson, tea merchant, on the Southwark side of London bridge, which, with several adjoining buildings and their valuable contents, was entirely destroyed. One of the warehouses destroyed was five stories high, 150 feet in length and 80 feet wide. The loss of property was valued at 400,000*l.* Mr. Wilson was severely injured in leaping from his bedroom window, on the second floor, upon the pavement, to escape the flames. It is stated that there has been no fire in London, which caused so great a destruction of property since 1794.

The intelligence of the arrival of the French and British fleets off Algiers, had given rise to various conjectures. The most prevalent opinion at present is, that the object of these armaments is to force Mehemit Ali to disarm, and thus to deliver Europe from the anxiety in which the probability of a collision between him and the Sultan has kept the public mind for the last four years. How far this opinion is correct it is difficult to say.

The town of the Dardenelles was on the 6th Aug. entirely destroyed by fire. The unwearied exertions of the Pasha, and troops under his command, alone prevented the destructive element from invading the castles.

The plague continued making so alarming a progress within the precincts of the Seraglio, that the Sultan thought it prudent to remove from his summer palace in Asia to the winter residence at Dolma Backshe. The Kizlar Aga, or chief of the Eunuchs, was attacked with this disorder, and his life was said to be in the most imminent danger.

The Steam Navigation Company lately established at Constantinople, by order of the Turkish Government, began its operations under circumstances not very encouraging. The boat intended for the service between that place and Smyrna, shortly after leaving the latter place, ran foul of a small bank, and during the exertions made to extricate her burst her boilers.

One of the strong traits in the character of Mr. Rothschild was humanity. Numerous instances have been, and no doubt will be, recorded of his benevolent actions; but probably there is none will better exemplify his prompt manner of dispensing his charities than in the case of the infant daughter of Scale, who was transported for the late robbery at the Custom House.—Immediately on hearing that the poor child was bereaved of both her parents, one by the operation of the laws which he had transgressed, and the other by sudden death from a broken heart at the contemplation of her husband's fate, the benevolent Jew immediately sent for the child, and had her placed in a Christian boarding-school. Her benefactor has settled his last account, but there is little doubt that his family will complete his humane intentions.

Instinct of Dogs.—A new hereditary instinct in dogs has been observed on the table land of Santa Fe, in Mexico. A particular breed is there employed to hunt the deer. Their mode of attack consists in seizing the animal by the belly and overturning it by a sudden effort, taking advantage of the moment when the body of the deer rests only on its fore legs. The weight of the animal thus thrown over is often six times that of its antagonist. The dog of pure breed inherits a disposition to this kind of chase, and never attacks a deer from before while running. Even should the deer, not perceiving him, come directly upon him, the dog steps aside and makes his assault upon the flank; whereas, other hunting dogs, though of superior strength and general sagacity, which are brought from Europe, are destitute of this instinct. For want of similar precaution, they are often killed by the deer on the spot, the vertebra of the neck being dislocated by the violence of the shock.

These "hereditary instincts," produced originally through habit, and in time transmitted to posterity, are the most singular and wonderful of the principles of nature, if one of nature's operations can be considered more wonderful than another. The instinct of the dog used for hunting the pecary, in the forests on the banks of the Orinooke, is precisely similar to that of the dog mentioned above, although directed in a different mode. It is an acquired habit, changed into an instinct when transmitted to its posterity.—*Washington Telegraph.*

A Turn Out.—We learn from the Lowell Advertiser that some hundreds of the female operatives employed in the Factories, turned out last Saturday, not for higher wages, but because there was to be a deduction of twelve and a half cents from the present prices. The companies have raised the prices of board twenty-five cents per week, one half to be paid at the counting rooms—the other half by the girls.

☞ Second Edition. ☜

STILL LATER.

The French Ministerial papers incline to the opinion that the policy of the government with regard to Spain, will be non-interventional.

M. Persat, surviving editor of *Le National*, has addressed a letter to M. Girardin, editor of *La Presse*, reminding him of the oath which he had taken to avenge the death of M. Armand Carrel, and formally challenging him to fight with swords or pistols: with a threat of vengeance in some other mode unless the challenge be accepted. M. Girardin published the letter in his paper, with remarks, and a refusal to accept the challenge even at the risk of assassination.

SPAIN.

The intelligence from Madrid is to the 5th of September. The Christinos under Lopez were defeated by Gomez, near Guadalaxara on the 30th of August, with a severe loss of killed and wounded, Lopes himself was taken prisoner. The two battalions which revolted at San Ildefonso, and compelled the queen to proclaim the constitution, are said to have been almost totally destroyed in this engagement. Gen. Lopez ascribed his defeat to the insubordination of his troops, who compelled him to fight against his own judgment, as he wished to delay the attack until he could receive the reinforcements which had set out from Madrid under General Rodil. After his success, Gomez made a rapid march to Arganda, only five leagues from Madrid, closely pursued by Rodil and Alaix, one of Espartero's generals. The latter overtook the rear guard of Lopez and recaptured some cannon, taken from Lopez.

Don Carlos has issued a decree, solemnly placing himself, his army, and the kingdom, under the special protection of the Virgin Mary.

A Remarkable Case. We have been kindly permitted to extract from a report recently made to the New York Phrenological Society, by its Secretary, as one of a committee appointed to investigate the phenomena connected with a fracture of the skull, and the consequent mental manifestation. The subject of this committee's examination, was a small child of Mr. James Mapes, which at the time of the accident alluded to, was two years of age. About two years since, this child, whilst leaning out of the dormant window of the three story brick house, No. 42 Green street, unwittingly lost its balance and was precipitated headlong to the pavement below. Before reaching the sidewalk she struck against the iron railing of the steps, by which her skull was most horribly fractured. On removing her to the house she was supposed by her parents and the distinguished medical gentleman, Dr. Mott, who had been called, to be irrecoverably injured, Dr. ——, who had also been called, felt desirous to perform an operation, deeming it possible to procrastinate its dissolution, and by removing the pressure of the skull upon the brain, to effect a temporary restoration of the child's faculties. This would, it was thought, afford a transient satisfaction to the parents at least.

The operation was accordingly undertaken, first by trepaning and afterwards by sawing transversely across the skull and then laterally, so as to recover a portion of the skull three and a half by four inches square. It was found that the membrane had not been ruptured, and consequently, that the celebral organs were uninjured, except from the concussion.

The scalp having been carefully laid back and secured, the child soon recovered, and indicated even more than its wonted manifestations of mind.

The most remarkable fact in this case, was that the child, previous to the accident,—evidently from some mal-conformation—had not manifested the intellectual powers common to children of that age, whereas, on its recovery from the physical disability, it exhibited extraordinary acuteness of perception and strength of reflective faculties. The sentiments were also remarkably active and susceptible. The committee, on placing the hand upon the integuments immediately covering the brain, and requiring the child's mind to be exercised by a process calling into activity compound emotions, at once perceived the agitation into which the brain had been thrown by the mental effort. The perturbations were rapid and oftentimes violent. Different faculties were called into activity, by varying the kind of subject presented to the mind of the child, and variations in the agitation of the brain, followed the change of subject. The motions of the brain were sometimes like the vibrations of a string when violently struck, and at other times like the more equal undulations of a wave.

It is quite apparent in this case, that the faculties, in the manifestations of which those portions of the cerebral mass lying directly beneath the cranial fracture, were mostly affected by the accident, and also, that the cause of mental imbecility previous to that circumstance, is attributable to the pressure of the skull on the brain. This is found to be no very uncommon circumstance. Numerous cases are recorded in the medical books of a similar nature. The agitation of the brain on the excitement of the mind, corresponded exactly with a case of Sir Astley Cooper's, in which the brain being exposed, and the patient made to exercise his mind powerfully, the brain was actually protruded by the mental effort, some lines above the skull, but which receded on the relaxation of thought. A case of a similar kind also occured in this city sometime since. A lady having been confined in the Lunatic Asylum, for insanity, was visited one day by her husband. Whilst he was in the room conversing with the keeper, his wife, watching the opportunity, escaped from the door, and springing into her husband's wagon drove off with so much rapidity, as to render her being overtaken quite impossible. Dashing down the streets, she came to her former residence, when rapidly turning her vehicle into the yard, it was upset, and she thrown head first against the wall of the house, by which her skull was fractured. No other material effect however was produced, save *the complete restoration of her mind to sanity and healthful action*, and of course, to the enjoyment of her family and friends. This is but one of many cases proving insanity to be oftentimes the result of pressure on the brain, and that always, as a consequence, insanity is caused by the disease or derangement of that organ.

We have not been able to enlarge further on this subject nor to avail ourselves more minutely of the report above referred to. The doings of the society and the papers of its distinguished medical and scientific members are to be presented to the public.

Libel Suit.—The New York Sun states that another libel suit was on Tuesday last tried in the Circuit Court, before Judge Edwards, in which Nathaniel Carpenter, collector of the New York Daily Advertiser, was plaintiff, and Merrill Cobourn, a postmaster in Jefferson county, was defendant. The jury brought in a sealed verdict of $350 damages and six cents cost. The plaintiff, it seemed, had formerly sued the defendant for a year or two's subscription for the Daily Advertiser, which be had retained in his office for his own use, after the subscriber had discontinued it. Afterwards, the defendant had the plaintiff indicted for perjury, on account of certain depositions which he had made during the trial, but the District Attorney stopped the prosecution deeming the evidence inadequate.

Honest by Compulsion.—A correspondent describing the London Fire Department, says, among other things, "they wear a uniform dress, viz: a dark, nearly black cloth, *without pockets.* Formerly they wore what was called a Brumagem, which was an old fashioned coat with a pocket of enormous dimensions. This was found too tempting to resist the purloining of small articles." This may indeed be said to be "making a virtue of necessity."

RECEIPTS BY MAIL.

October 7, received from
Miss Flavilla Evits, 3 00
Elisha Field, 50 00
October 8.
James Craig, Esq. 7 00
C. H. Harper, Esq. 3 00
C C Henderson, Esq. 5 00
C. B. Fletcher, Esq. 5 00
C. D. Whittle, Esq. 5 00
L. D. Prouts, 3 00
R. Beil, Esq. 3 00
Thos. Harlee, Esq. 10 00
Peter Gaylord, Esq. 3 00
John M. King, Esq. 2 00
Samuel Davet, Esq. 5 00
J. Harrison, Esq. 4 00
October 10.
J. Ristine, 10 00
Alex. Campbell, nett, 3 75
S. March, Esq. 2 00
J. F. Williams, Esq. 2 00
Wm. Patton, jr. Esq. 5 00
H. J. King, Esq. 7 00
A. B. Walker, 2 00
October 11.
Spencer Wood, nett, 4 00
50cts. postage; 50cts. disc'nt.
Chas. W Walton, nett, 2 75
discount 25,
A. Eddy, Esq. 2 00
Wm. A. Pierce, 51 11
David Williamson, 11 00
Daniel Miner, 12 00
October 12.
Thos. Roberts, Esq. 5 00
Jno. W. Draper, Esq. 5 00
W. Cox, Esq. 10 00
J. McGillard, Esq. 15 00
J. M. Hadden, Esq. 2 00
F. G. Tuttle, 4 00
Joshua G. Groover, Esq. nett, 9 50
Jer. Boone, 5 00

SALES OF STOCKS.

This week at the Stock and Exch. Board of Brokers.

			price sold for.	par.
957	shares	United States Bank,	118½a119	100
6	do.	North America Bank,	454	400
3	do.	Philadelphia Bank,	111½a112½	100
5	do.	Southwark Bank,	73½	50
39	do.	Farm. & Mech. Bank,	66½a67	50
16	do.	Commercial Bank,	66a67	50
29	do.	Schuylkill Bank,	60½a60¾	50
1174	do.	Girard Bank,	58½a58¾	50
2	do.	Camden Bank,	49	50
250	do.	Com. Bank Cincinnati,	104½	100
564	do.	Kentucky Bank,	80a81	80
42	do.	Northern Bank, Kentucky,	46½a46¾	50
15	do.	Union Bank, Tenn.	98½	100
100	do.	Planters Bank, Tenn.	117½	100
22	do.	Agricultural Bank, Miss.	116	100
10	do.	Grand Gulf,	99	100
550	do.	Vicksburg Bank,	71½a72	80
100	do.	Feliciana B. at Woodville,	88	100
5	do.	Bank of Illinois,	950	1000
5	do.	Schuylkill Nav. Co.	159	50
166	do.	Lehigh Coal & Nav. Co.	75a76	50
50	do.	Philadelphia Savings,	26	25
4050	do.	Del. & Hudson Canal,	82a86½	100
1380	do.	Norristown Rail Road,	39½a41	50

Theatre, Chesnut Street.

The public is respectfully informed that MR. & MRS. KEELY, from Drury Lane, Convent Garden, and the English Opera House, London, are engaged for a limited period, and will make their first appearance this evening.

Saturday Evening, October 15,
Will be presented, a new pathetic, domestic drama of
LUCILLE; Or, A Story of the Heart.
LUCILLE, with the original song of Poor Louise, MRS. KEELY.
After which, the petite-Drama of
THE LOAN OF A LOVER.
PETER SPYNK ………… MR. KEELY.
☞ SEVERAL NOVELTIES are in preparation.

American Walnut St. Theatre.

Third Night of MR. & MRS. TERNAN.
Saturday Evening, October 15,
Will be acted
JANE SHORE.
JANE SHORE ………… Mrs. TERNAN.
LORD HASTINGS ………… Mr. TERNAN.
After which,
A FAVORITE FARCE.

Mr. Williams, the Oculist,

SOLICITS that the English gentleman, formerly of London, but now a citizen of Philadelphia, who called upon him a few weeks since, and declared he was one of the great numbers who had been restored to sight or otherwise cured of a disease in the eyes by Mr. Williams, at the Royal General Dispensary, 96 High Holborn, nearly thirty years since, where he then resided, will have the kindness to call again agreeable to his promise on that visit, when he brought with him a country Physician, nearly blind, whom he recommended to Mr. Williams' favourable notice.

Should the gentleman alluded to, be absent on his mercantile concerns, his family are requested to inform him on his return to the city, of this request, and to assure him that if the same repugnance still continues against seeing his name figure in any newspaper, that Mr. W. will introduce him to such of his friends who are clergymen, and who will pledge themselves that his name shall never appear on Mr. W's account, if required. Yet as his *professional* and *moral life*, and for what he knows, his *civil life*, is also at stake, he is anxious that the public should know that the same '*old fashioned, vulgar, deformed uncouth, and brutal*' John Williams, who treats all the indigent, who need his services *gratis*, every day at 3 o'clock, at the Union Baptist Church, Locust street above 8th street, and who occupies the first and second floors of the house No. 333 Market street, north side, is identically the same John Williams, then the '*young fashionable, scientific and skilful*' Oculist, sole Proprietor, and sole Director, and sole Oculist of the Royal General Dispensary, 96 High Holborn, London, till the year 1817. In 1810 he sold one part of that house to Day & Martin, blacking manufacturers, and in 1817 sold the other half for the sums total of 1600 pounds, (above $7000.) The hastily written card to appear three times, in order that it may meet the eye of the gentlemen for whom it is intended

Dated, 333 Market street, north side, 13th Oct. 1836. oct15-1t

A Partner Wanted,

ONE possessing from 500 to $700 capital, which he would be willing to invest in a safe, lucrative, and rapidly increasing business. One of the requisites on the part of the individual would be a willingness to travel for the furtherance of the business of the firm. Further information can be obtained, by calling at No. 437 north 3d street, above Brown. oct 15—3t*

A Clerk Wanted

IN a publication office in this city. One who has had some experience in directing and packing papers would be preferred. Apply at the office of the Saturday Evening Post. oct 15—1t*

A Farm to Rent.

A Farm of 280 acres, 40 or 50 of which is cleared (and 100 more may very easily be cleared) is offered to rent on very accommodating terms. The land is of first rate quality.

The farm adjoins the town of New Brighton on the Falls of Beaver River, and being in the vicinity of several flourishing towns and the Ohio river, the produce would command at all times ready sale and good prices. A gardener and nurseryman could pursue his business on it to very great advantage, as many thousand fruit trees, and mulberries could be disposed of annually.

For particulars apply at the office of the Saturday Evening Post, Philadelphia, to the Publisher. oct 15—

Sheriff's Sale.

BY virtue of sundry writs of Venditioni Exponas, to me directed, will be exposed to public sale or vendue, on Friday afternoon, October 21, 1836, at 2½ o'clock, on the premises, all those two certain tracts or pieces of land, and the buildings thereon erected, situate in the township of Lower Dublin, county of Philadelphia, the first whereof begins at a stake or stone set for a corner of land now or late of Daniel Walton, being also a corner of land now or late of Benjamin Griffith; thence partly by said Griffith's land and partly by land of Jacob Snyder, south 39 degrees 50 minutes, west 93 perches to a corner; thence south 77 degrees and one half, west 15 perches and three-tenths to a corner; thence south 28 degrees three quarters, west 12 perches to a corner; thence south 12 degrees, west 7 perches five-tenths to a corner; thence south 40 degrees 10 minutes, west 105 perches seven tenths to a point in the middle of the Oxford and Lower Dublin Township Line Road; thence along the middle of the said road north 50 degrees west 1 perch; thence by land of Mordecai Roberts and Ann his wife north 41 degrees 10 minutes, east 64 perches and five-tenths to a corner; thence by the same north 50 degrees, east 47 perches to a corner; thence by the same north 40 degrees 10 minutes, east 101 perches and one-tenth to a corner; thence by the same north 50 degrees 45 minutes, west 31 perches and three tenths of a perch to a stone set for a corner of Benjamin Snyder's, late Simon Bennett's land; thence by the same north 40 degrees 30 minutes, east 60 perches and nine-tenths to a corner of the said Daniel Walton's land; and thence by the same south 49 degrees 45 minutes, east 81 perches and two tenths of a perch to the place of beginning; containing 61 acres, one-quarter, and 37 perches. The other tract or piece of land beginning at a stake set for a corner in a line of land late of Benjamin Dungan, deceased, being also a corner of land late of Simon Bennett; thence by said Bennett's land south 50 degrees 45 minutes, east 83 perches and eight-tenths to a corner; thence by land of Mordecai Roberts and Ann his wife, south 40 degrees, west 20 perches to a corner; thence by the same north 50 degrees 45 minutes, west 83 perches to a corner, in the line of said Benjamin Dungan's land; and thence by said Dungan's land north 40 degrees, east 20 perches to the place of beginning; containing 10 acres one quarter and 20 perches. The said two described pieces of land having the right of ingress, egress, and regress to and from each other, by a certain road taken off the land of the said Mordecai Roberts and Ann his wife. Together with all the buildings and improvements in the said land, and all rights, ways, and water courses, and appurtenances thereunto belonging. Which said two tracts or pieces of land are compose the one third part of a larger tract and piece of land, whereof John Shallcross, late of the township and county aforesaid, died seized, in the year 1811 or 12, devising the same thereof by his last will and testament, duly proved and remaining in the office of the register of wills, in and for the city and county of Philadelphia, to and among his three children, Ann, Joseph, and Priscilla, which Joseph Shallcross, by deed dated March 18, 1819, recorded in deed book I. W. No. 1, page 112 &c. conveyed all his estate and interest and personal to Thomas Earp and Robert Earp, trustees, for certain purposes therein named, and which Ann and her husband, Mordecai Roberts, and Priscilla (formerly Shallcross) then Roberts, the widow of Samuel, conveyed all the right, title and interest, in the said described tracts of land, by deed dated July 1836, and intended to be recorded to the said Thomas Earp and Robert Earp, subject to the trusts aforesaid. Seized and taken in execution as the property of Joseph Shallcross, and terre tenants, and to be sold by JOHN G. WATMOUGH, Sheriff. oct 15—1t

Proposals,

BY Judah Dobson, Bookseller, No. 108 Chesnut street, Philada. for publishing, by subscription, the whole works of late eminent Dr. John Witherspoon, D.D. LL.D. one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, including several pieces not contained in former editions, and a memoir of his life and times, together with an accurate likeness, from a painting by Peale. Edited by Dr. Ashbel Green.

CONDITIONS.—1. The work will be published in 3 large octavo volumes, on fine paper, and with new type, and will be delivered to subscribers at the very low rate of $5 per copy, bound in cloth backs, payable on delivery.

2. Any individual becoming responsible for 5 copies, will be entitled to a copy of the work gratis.

3. The work will be put to press as soon as 600 subscribers are obtained, and will be delivered as soon after as practicable.

The Rev. Dr. Ashbel Green, of Philadelphia is now employed in preparing the Life of Dr. Witherspoon, referred to in these proposals. He is engaged to act as the Editor of the publication, to superintend the press, and see that the numerous errors of the former editions are corrected. He will probably, also, supply a few additional notes, and use his best endeavors that this edition of Dr. Witherspoon's works shall appear in a style worthy of their author and gratifying to subscribers.

Subscriptions are respectfully solicited. All communications addressed Judah Dobson, Chesnut street, Philadelphia, will meet immediate attention.

Gentlemen holding subscription papers, will confer a favor on the publisher by making returns as early as possible. oct 15—3t*

IMPORTANT!!!

Vegetable Shaving Paste.

THIS Soap now offered to the public may be depended on for the main object of such an article—a strong, rich, durable lather, the want of which, in fact, will account for many of the difficulties in shaving for which the razor is too often held responsible. The best edged razor in the range of cutlery, is rendered useless for the purposes intended, if its effect be counteracted by a thin watery lather. This compound furnishes an auxiliary worth a dozen strappings to the razor. It is besides healing to the flesh, and instead of irritating and inflaming, as is too often the case, it tends to protect and sheathe the skin from excitement, thus the face is rendered smooth, and the surface firmer and better calculated to resist harshness and chopping. Price, 25 and 50 cts. per pot.

Persian Lotion.

THE best article in use for effectually exterminating Eruptions, Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Redness, and all cutaneous imperfections whatsoever: arrays the neck, hands and arms in matchless whiteness, bestows on the complexion a juvenile bloom, renovates beauty when on the decline, and sustains it in pristine splendor to the latest period of life. It is entirely different from the poisonous Lotions so much in use. It is so perfectly harmless that it can be used on the tenderest infants without the least caution. It is highly useful to remedy the chafing of infants, and is of great service to gentlemen in removing the smarting sensation often occasioned by the use of the razor in shaving. No danger can possibly occur from its frequent use. Price, 50 cents.

Indian Oil.

THIS article gradually colors the hair, and keeps it from turning gray; it is also desirable for preserving it, giving a softness to the roughest locks, and causing the hair to grow. Persons wishing their hair a shade or two darker, will find this Oil to answer their purpose; being pleasantly perfumed it will be found useful in dressing the hair generally. Price, 75 cts. per bottle.

The above articles are manufactured only by JAMES GLENN, manufacturer of Perfumery, Fancy Soaps, Cosmetics, &c. &c. No. 33 South Eighth street, Union Buildings, Philadelphia. oct 15 '36—1y

Adams Power Press for Sale.

THE Adams Press, on which the Saturday Evening Post has been printed for two or three years past, is offered for sale. This press will do better work, with less wear to the type, than any of the Cylinder presses known, and is to be disposed of only because it is not sufficiently large to print the Post, in its present extended dimensions.

Apply at the office of the S. E. Post, No. 26 Carter's Alley. aug 20—tf

Two Tracts of Land for Sale,

SITUATED in Beaver county, about one mile from the Beaver River, and about 15 miles from its junction with the Ohio River. The soil is of good quality, principally covered with fine oak timber, which would more than pay for the price of the land.—Coal in abundance.

One tract contains about 140 acres, the other about 180 acres, more or less. Being situated so near the great thoroughfare between the Ohio River and the Lakes, and convenient to the river, they will prove valuable. 30 to 60 acres cleared on each tract.

For further particulars apply at the office of the Saturday Evening Post, Philada. S. C. ATKINSON. oct 8—tf

Canal Steam Transportation Company.

AN annual meeting of the Stockholders of the Canal Steam Transportation Company, will be held on Thursday evening, October 27, at 7 o'clock, at the Plough Tavern, 3d above Market st. Punctual and general attendance is requested, as matters of importance will be laid before the meeting. By order,

JOHN P. BINNS, Sec'ry B. D.

N. B.—An election will be held for seven persons to serve as Directors for the ensuing year. oct 15—2tf

ALMANAC.

OCTOBER, 1836.	SUN RISES.	SUN SETS.	HIGH WATER	MOON'S PHASES.
15 SATURDAY.	6 29	5 31	6 31	
16 SUNDAY.	6 31	5 29	7 32	D. H. M.
17 MONDAY.	6 32	5 28	8 32	
18 TUESDAY.	6 33	5 27	9 30	Last 2 1 42
19 WEDNESDAY.	6 35	5 25	10 26	New 10 1 27
20 THURSDAY.	6 36	5 24	11 19	First 17 6 28
21 FRIDAY.	6 37	5 23	12 5	Full 24 10 33
22 SATURDAY.	6 38	5 22	12 50	

MARRIAGES.

On Thursday, the 13th instant, by the Rev. T. J. Kitts, Mr. ABRAHAM COATES, to Miss ANNA STILES KEEN, daughter of Mr. John E. Keen, Esq. all of the Northern Liberties.

On the 6th inst. by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. SAMUEL ALTEMUS, of Spring Garden, to Miss CHARLOTTE LEE, of the N. Liberties.

In Southwark, on the 4th inst. by the Rev. John Woolson, Mr. WM. WILLEY, of this city, to Miss ANNA MARIA CHRISTOPHER, of Trenton.

On Thursday evening, 6th inst. by the Rev. Horatio G. Jones, Mr. J. SIDNEY JONES, to CATHARINE E. eldest daughter of Dr. George W. Riter.

On Thursday evening, 6th inst. by the Rev. W. H. De Lancy, Mr. NATHANIEL LONGMIRE, to Miss ELLA THOMPSON, all of this city.

On Monday, 5th ult. by the Rev. Charles Pitman, Mr. CHARLES McCALL, of Charleston, S. C. to Miss MARGARET M. STRUBING, of this city.

On Thursday, 6th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Clemson, JOHN S. ROHRER, M. D. of Lancaster, Pa. to Miss REBECCA S. daughter of Thomas Eatlack, Esq. of Philadelphia.

On Thursday evening, the 29th ult. by the Rev. J. J. Wooley, Mr. THOMAS LYNCH, to Miss HANNAH DEAN, both of this city.

On Sunday, 2d inst. by the Rev. John Hughes, Mr. HENRY AMBROSE ALLEN, to ELIZABETH STREMBECK, all of this city.

On Tuesday evening, 4th inst. by the Rev. J. P. Hecht, of Easton, Pa. Mr. A. J. MACKIE, to Miss AMANDA M. daughter of Samuel Wonderly, Esq. all of this city.

On Wednesday evening, 5th inst. by the Rev. Dr. De Lancey, W. F. ROCKHILL, Esq. to the amiable and accomplished Miss MARY DAUPHIN, daughter of Thomas Shivers, Esq. all of this city.

On Thursday evening, 6th inst. by the Rev. Dr. De Lancy, Mr. JOHN SHAW, of this city, to ELIZABETH, youngest daughter of Wm. Dickinson, Esq. formerly of Lancaster, England.

On Sunday evening, 25th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Grant, Mr. HIRAM GRANT, to Miss MARY QUIGGS, all of Spring Garden.

On Sunday evening, 2d inst. by the Rev. C. Pitman, Mr. SAMUEL POULSON, to Miss MARY ANN KIRBY, all of Philadelphia.

On Monday evening, by the Rev. Thomas G. Allen, Mr. GABLE VINDRELL, of Matanzas, Cuba, to Miss ELEANOR EVERHEART, of Philadelphia.

On the 3d inst. by the Rev. Addison Mines, Mr. CLEMENT HILL, of Prince George county, Md. to Miss SARAH ANN PARKER, of Philadelphia.

On the 10th inst. by the Rev. John A. Clark, WM. LINN BROWN, to EMILY G. daughter of Samuel Burling, Esq. of the city of New York.

On the 29th ult. at Green street Meeting, JOSEPH S. HANCE, to ELIZABETH R. WHITE, both of this city.

In the borough of Chester, Del. co. Pa. on Thursday, the 7th of July, by the Rev. R. E. Kemp, Mr. JNO. STEADHAM, to Miss HANNAH STAUNTON; on Thursday, 22d Sept. Mr. WILLIAM M. DAY, to Miss EMELINE FORD; on Thursday, 5th October, Mr. JAMES RITER, to Miss ANN BENDERMAN, all of Brandywine Hundred, Newcastle county, Delaware.

On Monday, Mr. CHARLES S. SORROW, to Miss LYDIA CABOT JACKSON.

This lady may well say that her change of name has brought her to sorrow; she probably thought it was her destiny, remembering how General Jackson, her namesake, brought sorrow to the country.

The above remarks are by the editor of the New York Commercial Advertiser. It has occured to us that, perhaps, the lady may think it a *duty* as well as a destiny to bring *sorrows* to the country.—*U. S. Gazette.*

DEATHS.

On Friday evening, 7th inst. Miss HANNAH ALTEMUS, in the 20th year of her age.

On Monday, after a lingering and severe illness, Mr. ROBERT McFARLAND, in the 75th year of his age.

Suddenly, on Friday evening, in the 3d year of her age, ROSANNA, daughter of Geo. and Jane Knorr.

On Thursday evening, 6th inst. Mr. THOMAS E. SPENCER, in the 32d year of his age.

On Saturday evening, 8th inst. JANNETTA, eldest daughter of Robert Clark, of Southwark.

On Thursday, 6th inst. after a lingering illness which she bore with Christian fortitude, Miss MARGARET ZEISINGER, daughter of the late John Zeisinger.

On the 7th inst. JAMES PETTIT, in the 80th year of his age.

After a short illness, Mr. D. REED, late of the American Theatre, Walnut street.

On Monday, 3d inst. at Pine Grove, CHAS. F. ROBERTS, in the 46th year of his age.

On Thursday, Mrs. REBECCA HEATON, in the 57th year of her age.

On Thursday evening, SUSAN, widow of the late Philip Summers, in the 68th year of her age.

On the 11th inst. after a lingering illness, in the 83d year of his age, BOHL BOHLEN, Esq. for many years a respectable merchant of this city.

At New York, on Sunday, 9th instant, HARRY PERCY T. WOOD, passed Midshipman in the U. S. Navy, and second son of Wm. B. Wood, Esq. of Chesnut Street Theatre.

At Fort Jessup, Louisiana, on the 16th September, Mrs. SUSAN G. wife of Lieut. Albert G. Blanchard, of the U. S. Army, aged 24 years, after a short but painful illness, which she bore with Christian fortitude.

In Mobile, on Thursday, 22d ult. Mr. THOMAS I. TOMPKINS, aged 35 years. For several years past he held an important station in that community, as a master builder. He has left a wife and two children to mourn his loss.

At Nacogdoches, (Texas) on the 30th June last, Judge JESSE BLEDSOE. He was at one time a Senator in Congress from Kentucky, the rival of Henry Clay, and the most brilliant man of his time in the councils of the nation.

At Jackson, Miss. on the 17th ult. of Remittent Fever, Mr. JOHN GRAVES, formerly of Pottsville, Pa.

At Naaman's Creek, 28th ult. of the Croup, ELLEN M. daughter of Thomas and Ellen M. Robinson, aged 2 years, 1 month and 5 days.

At the residence of Zadoc Lyman, Esq. Hadley Holyoke Place, Mass. 16th ult. Mrs. MARY D. wife of Charles Lyman, of Phila. in the 26th year of her age.

At the Sand Hills, on the 30th ult. after a severe and protracted illness, Mrs. SUSAN C. McWHORTER, wife of Dr. J. G. McWhorter, editor of the Georgia Courier.

In New Orleans, in August last, JOEL JANE REYNOLDS, of Philadelphia.

At Vera Cruz, on the 9th Aug. Capt. RICHARD KELLY, of this city. He was commander of the schr. Peter D'Vroom, was highly esteemed for his amiability of disposition, intelligence and exemplary character. When on land he was not only an attentive hearer at the Sanctuary, but was a doer to the word. His schooner being wrecked near St. Angel, was connected with a train of circumstances which ultimately resulted in his death. For some time he was obliged to cleave to the wreck, and was afterwards exposed to the scorching sun on the sandy beach, and endured much fatigue and solitude in endeavoring to rescue what remained of his cargo. His health was also jeopardized by his travelling through rivers and woods to procure adequate assistance. The American Consul and others lent him every friendly aid, but his exposure threw him into a fever, which after a few days terminated his mortal career. His friends have the satisfaction of knowing that he had his reason, and every kind and medical attention.

OBITUARY.

DIED, on the 3d inst. at his family mansion, in New Ipswich, New Hampshire, CHARLES BARRETT, Esq. aged sixty three.

The subject of this notice had been long and grievously afflicted with great physical debility and mental alienation. Nothing, therefore, can be said with regard to his moral and religious feelings. Hence, his faith in his God and Christ, must be sought for in his *works*, and none residing in, or who may have occasion to visit, that town, need be at a loss to find them. And, although, in an age like the present, distinguished for religious clamor and excitement, good works may not be the most popular, yet they are, after all, the safest and most evangelical mode of manifesting one's faith. "*I will show thee my faith by my works.*"

He has left behind him to mourn his loss, though not as those who have no hope, an aged and venerable mother, in her 93d year; his widowed wife, whose tender and affectionate devotedness to her late afflicted husband, is most exemplary and praiseworthy; two sons, one daughter, and several grand children. Long may they live to prove a blessing and a comfort to their surviving parent. May they labor to show themselves the worthy successors of a worthy sire, endeavoring to excel him tenfold in all that is true, venerable, just, pure, benevolent, and of good report.

The character of the late Mr. Barrett, as a husband, a father, and a relative, can be duly appreciated only by his family. In the circle of his own fireside, his memory will be cherished, and the qualities of his heart prized, with a depth of feeling which no obituary can describe. As a member of society he occupied a high and influential station. Enterprising, benevolent and useful, his loss will on no occasion a chasm not easily to be filled.

His father, the Hon. Charles Barrett, was a farmer, and a gentleman of the old English model, and a great benefactor to his native town. His late son, with more ample means, was actuated by the same spirit. By an active use of his own capital, and causing that of others to take the same direction, industry was encouraged, and with him, talent and merit were rewarded. Affluent in his circumstances, yet simple in his manners, the cheerful influence of his presence, and the urbanity of his temper, were felt and known by all. *Requiescat in pace!*

Beaver Silk Culture and MANUFACTURING COMPANY.

AN Instalment of Two Dollars on each share of the Beaver Silk Culture and Manufacturing Company, is required to be paid on the 24th of October, inst. to George W. Ash, Treasurer, at 159 Chesnut st. The Stockholders in Beaver County will pay their Instalments to the Directors in Beaver co. By order of the Board,

oct 15—tf SAM'L C. ATKINSON, Prest.

Farmers' Hay Market Association.

October 24, 1836.

THE annual meeting of Stockholders of the Association will be held at the Hay Market, in Sixth street above Brown, on Tuesday, November 1st, at 10 o'clock, A. M. when there will be eight Directors chosen to serve the ensuing year. By order of the Board,

oct 15—3t* HUGH WHITTON, Sec'ry.

Two Apprentices Wanted

TO the Silver Plating business, from 14 to 16 years of age. Boys from the country would be preferred.—Inquire of JOSEPH HACKER, Arch street, near Third. oct 15—3t*

For Sale,

THE materials of a country newspaper establishment, consisting of fonts of Minion, Bourgeois, Small Pica, Great Primer, Double Pica, Canon, 5 and 10 line Pica, ornamental letter, rules, leads, chases, sticks, copper mould, &c. &c. For particulars inquire at this office. oct 15—2t

Fruit & Ornamental Trees, &c.

M. C. COPE, & SAM'L RHOADS, Jr. No. 50 north 4th street, offer for sale from their Nursery, near Haddington, a large assortment of the finest kinds of Apple, Pear, Peach, Plum, Cherry, Apricot and Quince Trees, including the best imported varieties.

English Gooseberries of 30 sorts, Currants, Raspberries, &c. Ornamental Trees, Evergreens, Shrubs, &c.

Also, just received from Holland, 4 packages of superior Bulbous Roots. Catalogues may be had at the store. Trees, Plants, &c. packed so as to carry safely to any part of the United States. oct 15—6t*

Notice.

ALL persons indebted to the estate of Daniel Walton, deceased, late of Lower Dublin township, are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against said estate, will present their accounts properly authenticated for settlement to the subscribers,

JOSEPH WALTON, } Executors.
DAVID V. BENNETT, }
oct 15—6t* Lower Dublin township, Pa.

House Maid Wanted.

A White girl who can come well recommended, will hear of a good situation in a small family, on application at No. 91 Branch street or at this office. oct 15—3t*

Medical Books.

GIBSON'S Surgery, Horner's Special Anatomy, Horner's Practical Anatomy, United States Dispensatory, Hare's Chemistry, Dewees's Practice, Dewees on Children, Cooper's Surgery, Dewees's System, James's Burns, Dewees on Females, Green's Chemistry, Turner's Chemistry, Dunglison's Medical Dictionary, Hooper's Medical Dictionary, Dunglison's Physiology, Broussais's Physiology, Richerand's Physiology, Carpenter's Materia Medica, Eberle's Practice, Thatcher's Practice, Eberle's Therapeutics, Haines's Catechism of Chemistry, Hooper's Medical Examinations, Bell's Anatomy, Hopkinson on Arteries, Cooper on Dislocations, Laennec on Chest, Gerhard on Chest, Dunglison's Therapeutics, Mackintosh's Practice, Good's Study of Medicine, Parrish on Hernia, Chase on Hernia, Larry on Wounds, Horner's Pathological Anatomy, Paris's Pharmacologia, Manual of General Anatomy, Wistar's Anatomy, Bell's Directions, Barton's Lectures on Materia Medica, Chapman's Medical Journal, Cooper's Surgical Dictionary, Ellis's Medical Formulary, Eberle's Notes, Hall on Digestive Organs, Hennen's Military Surgery, Innes on Muscles, Makenzie on the Eye, Orfila on Poisons, Rush on the Mind, Christison on Poisons, Saissy on Ear, Scudamore on Gout, Smith on Fevers, &c. &c. For sale at

J. G. AUNER'S Bookstore,
oct 15—3tf No. 331 Market st. below 9th.

Mulberry Trees.

THE Subscriber, residing near the Black Horse Post-Office, Chester co. Pa. 43 miles from Philadelphia, up the Lancaster turnpike, offers the following named trees for sale, viz: Persian Mulberry, superior for silk, from 6 to $10 per hundred, 45 to 80 per thousand. Italian Mulberry from 10 to $30 per thousand. Chinese Mulberry, at the common prices. All kinds of fruit trees, shrubbery, &c. can be supplied. Orders must be sent early, post paid, and when sent by strangers, accompanied by cash.

OWEN WILLIAMS.

Agent in Philadelphia, John Dickinson, No. 35 north Second street. oct 8—3t

Large White Paper & Newspapers.

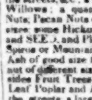
FOR sale, a quantity of Cassia paper of the largest size, suitable for wrapping paper. Also a quantity of newspapers by the Ream, at the office, 26 Carter's Alley. oct 15—tf

Wanted,

AN APPRENTICE to the Printing Business. Apply at No. 48 Market street, up stairs, where a good boy will have a chance of learning his business well.

oct 1—3t* J. VAN COURT.

Shade and Fruit Trees, &c.



1000 Alanthus, from a plant to a tree, for the purpose of planting in streets, &c. from 25 cents to $3 each.

1000 Paper Mulberry, from 25 cts. to $2.50 each; a large quantity of Sugar Maple, from 5 cts. to $1 each; about 40,000 Seedlings White Italian Mulberry, including China, or Morus Multicaulis; a quantity of Linden, from one to three years old; a quantity of different kinds of Locust; some Oaks of different kinds and size, including the Willow Oak; American, English, and Welsh Elm, and Tulip Poplar, of fit size for planting in the streets, &c.; a quantity of different kinds of imported Willows; a quantity of English Walnuts, or Madeira Nuts; Pecan Nuts of large size; Butter Nuts of very large size; some Hickory; Rhubarb; a quantity of PLANTS and SEEDS, and Plants of the Osage Apple, Scotch Broom, Spurce or Mountain Ash of different kinds, Maple Leaf Ash of good size for planting in the street; Horse Chesnut of different sizes, common and Spanish Chesnut, besides Fruit Trees and Shrubbery of differerent kinds; Silver Leaf Poplar and Aspen of different sizes, for planting in the streets; a large quantity of Red Antwerp Raspberry.

JOHN EVANS, Nurseryman.
oct 8—3t* Master st. West Kensington.

A Card.

THE Subscriber begs leave to inform his *patrons*, his *friends*, and the *public generally*, that he has just received a very superior and extensive assortment of superfine West of England and French CLOTHS, CASSIMERS and VESTINGS—embracing all the varities of fashionable colors now worn in London and Paris. These goods are of his own importation, *and are warranted*, *both* by the manufacturer and subscriber, to be of the first quality. The advantage of importing his finest cloth, &c. enables him to make them up to order and sell them at 30 per cent. less than the *same goods* can be bought for in any establishment that does business in the usual way—namely, by purchasing their goods from the merchants, who, of course, pays the importer a profit, and consequently the two heaviest profits on imported goods must be paid by the *tailors*. The result is obvious; the *tailor* to indemnify himself, saddles the customers with his own profit in addition to the other two, and by this means the price of an *extra superb* coat is raised from 35.00 to $40.00. The subscriber *guarantees* to make up the *same goods* in the best manner and *warrant* them to *fit* for $35: he has also on hand a variety of fine and superfine cloths, which he will make to order, from $14 to $20, together with about 75 different patterns of corded, ribbed, striped and plain Buckskin Cassimeres, for Pants. Also, a beautiful variety of quilted English silks and satins, for Vests—also, one piece of lion skin, do. of Herrington's Cloth for Bangups.

P. S.—Gentlemen from the Southern and Western states, will find it greatly to their advantage to give the subscriber a call, and if they wish to leave their measure to send for clothing, they will find their order filled at short notice in the best manner.

H. L. BROLASKY, Merchant Tailor,
No. 43 S. 8th st. 4 doors below Chesnut, east side.
sep 17 '36—1y

To Rent.

THE dwelling part of a house, in a pleasant and central part of the city. The present occupants, two persons, would expect board with the family. The situation will be made a desirable one to a family without children or other boarders. A line addressed to C. F. J. and left at this office, will be attended to. oct 8—3t*

Baker's Intelligence Office.

Established in May, 1811.—the S. E. corner of Chesnut and (entrance in) Third street—up stairs.

PROCURES Houses and Farts; Boarders, Partners, Clerks, Overseers, Journeymen, Apprentices, Farmers, Gardeners, Coachmen, Waiters, Stage Drivers, Barkeepers, Grooms, Hostlers, Porters, Housekeepers, Wet Nurses, Seamstresses, Chamber and Child's Maids, Men and Women Cooks, Travelling Men and Women, Dairy Maids, Bound Children, and Bought Servants.

For sale, the time of a colored girl, 16 years old, and 12 to serve. A Wet Nurse wants a situation.

Wanted, a child to wet nurse. sep 24—3t*

Removal.

A. L. VAN HORN & SON, have removed their Stock, Suspender, and fancy Store, from their former stand No. 6 south Fourth street, to No. 28 same street, where their friends and the public are respectfully invited to call and examine their new and fashionable assortment of goods. jy 16—6m

Wanted.

A NUMBER of persons wanted to make Summer Coats and Roundabouts. Apply to BROWNE, ROBB & Co.

oct 8—3t No. 5 Franklin Place.

For Sale,

FARMS in Beaver County,—also a few unimproved tracts of land near Rossdale, Wayne county, Pa. B. CHEW, Jr.

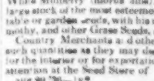
ap 30—tf Office No. 80 Walnut st. Philada.

☞ Apprentices Wanted, ☜ To the Stock-Making Business.

SEVERAL young ladies, of unexceptionable moral character, are wanted as apprentices to the STOCK-MAKING. They will be taken on liberal terms.

ALSO wanted, several good Stock-Makers, to whom constant employment will be given. Apply at No. 161 north Front street, a few doors above Race. sep 17—tf

For Wilmington—*Change of Hour.*



ON and after Monday next, 10th inst. the Steam-boat Wilmington, Capt. F. Black, will leave Arch st. wharf, Philadelphia for Wilmington, daily at 1 o'clock, P. M. until further notice. oct 8—tf

White Mulberry.

THE Subscriber has collected, the present season, from a few very select trees, the seed of the true Italian White Mulberry (morus alba), and has also on hand a large stock of the most esteemed kinds of esculent vegetable or garden seeds, with his usual supply of Clover, Timothy, and other Grass Seeds, &c. of the best selections.

Country Merchants and others, will be furnished with such quantities as they may desire, and all orders, either for the interior or for exportation, will meet with prompt attention at the Seed Store of GEO. M. COATES,

aug 20 '36—1y* 49 Market st. below 2d.

To Western and Southern Merchants.

THE great prevalence of *Diarrhoea, Bowel Complaint*, and *Cholera Morbus*, in the South and West, particularly upon the shores of the Western waters, and the great violence and rapid progress of those disorders, renders it an object of great importance, to be provided with a medicine which may be relied upon as an effectual and speedy remedy. BAKER'S SPECIFIC is offered to the public, as the DESIDERATUM required. Having been used in upwards of TWENTY THOUSAND CASES, with almost invariable success, the proprietor confidently recommends it as the most certain, effectual and prompt remedy ever used for the above diseases.

It has never been known to fail to cure a Diarrhoea, if promptly administered (either in children or adults) in a very short time, and will be found particularly serviceable where medical aid is not readily obtained, and during the prevalence of the Malignant Cholera, which invariably commences with a Diarrhoea. Individuals and families will find it advantageous to be supplied with a bottle in case of sudden attacks. Price 25 cents.

For sale, Wholesale or Retail, by the agents for the proprietor, H. E. WALLACE & Co. Druggists, (successors to Wm. Baker), No. 56 north 5th street, Philadelphia. Country merchants, desirous of introducing the article, will be supplied on [illegible]

THE OLIO.

Variety's the spice of Life,
That gives it all its flavour.

An amusing Vignette in Bell's Life, represents the House of Lords under the symbol of the duke of Wellington, in a Cab driving tandem, and running into a heavy Omnibus driven by O'Connell, who represents the House of Commons. The lines underneath explain the meaning:

Hurrah! dash away, neck or nothing, my duke—
Your cattle are prime, and in stable condition:
Dash forward, a stranger to fear or rebuke,
And a fig for the coward who dreads a collision.

Then fling up your prads, and be off like a shot—
No matter for driving a little at random;
In Lyndhurst a capital leader you've got,
Though now in some risk of upsetting your tandem.

A rat tail of real American breed,
Although in his figure a little too lanky;
But who doubts his courage? and then his speed!
Not many would venture a race with the Yankee.

The road of Reform don't agree with your prads,
Where Dan drives his Omnibus, slowly but steady,
With little Jack Russell behind on a Cad—
By the powers! you have got in close contact already.

The following was found inscribed on the interior of a sea shell, picked up in a meadow at Rockaway:

Take, O take me back again
To the sea from whence I came;
Take, O take me to the sea,
Ne'er will I wander more from thee;
O let me breathe the pure sea breeze,
I'm sick of the rank green grass and trees;
The land air takes away my breath,
'Tis filled with pestilence and death.
Take me back to the ocean shore,
And let me hear the wild surf's roar;
O let me see the bright broad bay,
And bathe once more in the foam and spray,
Or far out in the stormy deep,
By the moaning billow rocked to sleep,"
The golden stars my canopy,
My couch the blue and boundless sea.

The effect of a pinch of snuff upon a new beginner, is very happily described in a translation from the Italian, by Leigh Hunt. It is, in truth, sternutation on paper, or sneezing described—

What a moment, what a doubt,
All my nose, inside and out,
All my thrilling, tickling, caustic
Pyramid rhinocerostic
Wants to sneeze, and cannot do it:
Now it yearns me, thrills me, stings me,
Now with rapturous torments wrings me,
Now says, "sneeze you fool, get through it."
What shall help me? O good Heaven,
Ah! Yes—thank ye—Thirty seven
Shee—shee O! 'tis most del—ishi
Ishi, ishi—most del—*ishi*,
(Hang it, I shall sneeze till spring)—
Snuff is a most delicious thing!

Our brother over the way gave us a specimen of Lincoln county poetry a few days ago. We think we have got a verse to match it, all the way from New Jersey. An editor down south thinks the first line is well characterized by the dog-gerel:

When Peggy's dog her arms imprison,
I often wish my lot was hisen—
How often I should stand and turn,
To get a pat from hands like hern.
Nashville Repub.

"You sot of a fellow!" exclaimed a poor woman to her husband, "you are always at the public house, getting drunk on hot purl, while I am at home, with nothing to drink but cold water." "Cold, you silly jade," hiccoughed the husband, "why dont you warm it?"

One of Madam Malibran's sweetest songs is called "Night at Sea," the music by H. Herz, the celebrated pianist. The words are pretty—ex. gr.

Heart yearning for home;
Thought, dwelling with thee;
Prayers, that where thou dost roam
I soon may be.

Courage and Magnanimity.—A fight took place in one of our streets on Saturday last between an old man and a young one. The elder from appearances must have been over seventy years of age—he, of course, got a sound drubbing from his junior antagonist, who strutted about like a game cock, after the victory, and sneered at the black eye and claret nose of the "old hero."

"Is it possible, sir," said a gentleman addressing the young victor, "that you whipped an old man like that?"

"Whipped him!" exclaimed the young fellow, "I'm only nineteen—and can whip a man as *old again* as him at any time."

Sternutatories.—A young medical gentleman right from the schools, was called upon to extract a substance from the nose of a child, but not succeeding, he applied to one of his elder brethren for an instrument and sought his advice. His friend inquired if he had tried sternutators, (medicines that produce sneezing.)—The young doctor said he had, *but they had slipped off.*

A Tough One.—They have a curious mode in Siberia of procuring the skin of the sable.—Their fur is in the greatest perfection in the depth of winter, at which time the hunter proceeds to the forest armed with a pitcher of water and some carrion meat; he deposites the bait at the foot, and climbs himself to the top of a high tree. As soon as the animal attracted by the scent, arrives, the man drops some water on his tail and it instantaneously becomes frozen to the ground! On which, descending from his elevation with incredible rapidity, his pursuer, with a sharp knife, cuts him transversely on the face. The sable, from the excess of pain, takes an extraordinary spring forward, runs off, and (his tail being fast to the ground) out of his skin of course, leaving it a prey to the hunter!

"*Speaking of Guns.*"—Of all the torments not physical there is none more tormenting than to have a good story to tell and no opportunity to tell it. "There is no knowing" how the inveterate story-teller feels under such circumstances, and to what desperate extremities he may be driven to relieve himself of his burthen. The Dunstable Telegraph has a good anecdote on this subject—"Riding the other day," says the Editor, "in a stage coach, it had become nearly night, and our day's ride was nearly at an end, when suddenly a fellow passenger roused himself. 'There,' said he, 'I have rode all day *without seeing any thing to put me in mind of an anecdote I once heard,*'—and then followed an old affair which we had heard an hundred times, and which he, no doubt, had repeated as many thousand."

Short Courtship.—A few days ago a disconsolate Benedict, of Philliam, tired of single blessedness, waited upon the widow of a late well known character, Black Tommy, at Gainsburg, wishing to speak to her a few words. Of course she desired him to walk in. After a short colloquy, the business of the gentleman was broached—he wanted a house keeper, and had been recommended to her.

"Well," replied the dame, "what family have you?"

"Oh, only myself."

"But what house-room have you?"

"Oh, as to that, I have a setting room and one bed room."

"Ah! but where am I to sleep?"

"I was thinking that we had better get married first."

After a little consideration, a bargain was struck and on Monday last, the happy couple were joined in the holy band of matrimony.

A husband complained of his wife before a magistrate for assault and battery, and it appeared on evidence that he had pushed the door against her and she in turn had pushed it against him, whereupon the counsel for the defendant said that he could see no impropriety in a husband and wife *a-doring* each other.

An odd Blunder Mated.—About the year 1756 there was a warm controversy in the parish in Dedham, as to the formation of a new burying ground. The matter was long agitated at successive meetings: the opposition was violent, and the measure was finally carried by a small majority.

Deacon Onion, notwithstanding his years and infirmities, attended all the meetings, and was very warm in favor of the project, and Captain Baker was violent in the opposition.

The Rev. Mr. Tyler, with his characteristic prudence, kept aloof from the quarrel. He conversed freely, however, with both parties, and endeavored to assuage their bitterness by his pleasantry and good humor. Soon after the final vote he met Capt. Baker. "Good morning, Capt. Baker. A fine day, Captain. Well, they tell me they out-voted you at last." "Yes, and much good may it do 'em. They have got their new burying-ground, and the sooner they have use for it the better. But one thing is certain, *I'll never be buried there as long as I live.*"

This was too good a blunder for the parson to keep; and so he steered straight to Deacon Onion's to enjoy the joke with him.

"Good morning, Deacon Onion. A fine day, Deacon. Wish you joy of your new burying-ground. You were rather too many for them at last." "Oh yes, Mr. Tyler, we out generalled 'em completely." "And what do you think Captain Baker says about it, Deacon?" "Oh! I don't know; he's an awful wretch. What did he say?" "Why he says he'll never be buried there *as long as he lives.*" "Oh! what an obstinate critter! Why, *if God spares my life I will*, Mr. Tyler."

Local Attachment.—There is no feeling more general and more deeply rooted in the human heart, than the love for the place of our nativity. Our affections cling to it as the vine does to the trunk which gives it nourishment. No one can hear his country or his countrymen abused, however just it may be, without feelings of resentment. The Frenchman regards France as the garden of the world. The Scotchman believes that there is no country like the highlands of Scotland. And even the Irishman, though driven from his home, in dreams revisits the "sea-beaten shore of his native isle." But this feeling is not more common to the civilized, than to the savage man. He feels, like the rest of mankind, attachment for the place which gave him birth; and there are no principles more sacred to his heart than those taught him in his youth. These remarks were induced by a conversation overheard a few days since, between an American at this place, and a Krooman, recently from Cape Palmas. It illustrates what has been said of local attachment, and shows, also, what ideas a native African entertains of human happiness.

American. "Which place pass, Cape Palmas or Monrovia?"

Kroo. "Cape Palmas 'pass disher place too much."

Am. "No big store live dere, no fine cloth dere, no proper gentleman live dere, how you say dat, he be fine place too much?"

Kroo. "You no speak true. Doct. Hall, he got fine store, plenty good clot live dere; you say no proper gentleman dere, where Mr. T., Mr. A., all dem be properly gentleman for true."

Am. "But Cape Palmas country people no sabby for make fine country cloth."

Kroo. "Dat no be palaver, 'Merica people bring nough fine clot. And one ting he pass dis, Cape Palmas be pass dis place for eat side, he got too much rice, too much palm-oil, and too much cassada; pose he eat nough, he lie down, he sleep sweet; pose he get fat, he die good; pose he be poor, no eat nough, den when he come to dead, he cry too much."—*Liberia Her.*

Among the pupils of a boarding school, not many miles from Philadelphia, was a boy not at all remarkable for being one of the bright ones, but on the contrary was a senseless stupid kind of a boy, whose very appearance was destitute of animation. He was not of course very quick at grammar—a study not most inviting to boys of the best capacity and disposition. One day, while undergoing the operation of the class, the teacher endeavored to make him understand the nature of the verb. "A passive verb," said he, "expresses the nature of receiving an action; as, Peter is beaten; now, what did Peter do?" The numbscull stood a moment, and scratching his head by way of thought, with the gravest countenance possible, replied—"Well, I don't know, without he *hollered.*"

A scene of extreme horror in the Pyramids of Egypt.—Some French travellers attempting to explore the vaults of the Egyptian Pyramids, had already traversed an extensive labyrinth of chambers and passages: they were on their return, and had arrived at the most difficult part of it—a very long and winding passage, forming a communication between two chambers; its opening narrow and low. The ruggedness of the floor, sides and roof, rendered their progress slow and laborious, and these difficulties increased rapidly as they advanced. The torch with which they had entered became useless, from the impossibility of holding it upright, as the passage diminished its height. Both its height and width at length however became so contracted, that the party were compelled to crawl on their bellies. Their wanderings in these interminable passages (for such in their fatigue of body and mind they termed them) seemed to be endless. Their alarm was very great and their patience already exhausted, when the headmost one of the party cried out that he could discern the light at the exit of the passage, at a considerable distance ahead, but that he could advance no further, and that in his efforts to press on, in hopes to surmount the obstacle without complaining, he had squeezed himself so far into the reduced opening, that he had now no longer sufficient strength to recede! The situation of the whole party may be imagined; their terror was beyond the power of direction or advice; while the wretched leader, whether from terror or the natural effect of his situation, swelled so, that if it was before difficult, it was now impossible for him to stir from the spot he thus miserably occupied. One of the party at this dreadful and critical moment, proposed in the intense selfishness to which vital danger reduces all, as the only means of escape from this horrible confinement, this living grave—to cut in pieces the wretched being who formed the obstruction, and clear it by dragging the dismembered carcass piecemeal past them! He heard this dreadful proposal, and contracted himself in agony at the idea of this death, was reduced by a strong muscular spasm, to his usual dimensions, and was dragged out affording room for the party to squeeze themselves by over his prostrate body. This unhappy creature was suffocated in the effort, and was left behind a corpse.—*Cabinet of Curiosities.*

European Opinions of America.—Among other books, I have laid my hands, by accident, on the work of a recent French traveller in the United States. We read little other than English books at home, and are much given to declaiming against English travellers for their unfairness; but judging from this specimen of Gallic opinion, our ancient allies rate us quite as low as our quondam fellow-subjects. A perusal of the work in question has led me to inquire farther into the matter, and I am now studying one or two German writers on the same interesting subject. I must say that, thus far, I find little to feed national vanity, and I begin to fear (what I have suspected ever since the first six months in Europe) that we are under an awkward delusion respecting the manner in which the rest of Christendom regards that civilization touching which we are so sensitive. It is some time since I have made the discovery that "the name of an American is not a passport all over Europe," but, on the other hand, that, where it conveys any very distinct notions at all, it usually conveys such as are any thing but flattering or agreeable. Few nations are so much the dupes of oily tongues as our own, and so overwhelming is the force of popular opinion, that the native writers shrink from exposing the truth, lest they should be confounded with the detractors. Then, how few Americans really know any thing of the better opinion of Europe on such a point? I shall pursue the *trail* on which I have fallen, and you will probably hear more of this, before these letters are brought to a close.—*Cooper's Switzerland.*

The Mace.—Without the mace, the House of Commons does not exist; and it is as essential that the mace should be present at the deliberations of our senate, as that Mr. Speaker should be there himself. Without a speaker the house never proceeds to business, and without his mace Mr. Speaker cannot take the chair. At the commencement of a session and before the election of a speaker, this valuable emblem of his dignity is hidden under the table of the house while the clerk of the table presides during the election; but no sooner is the speaker elected, than it is drawn from its hiding place, and deposited on the table, of the house: at its rising, Mr. Speaker carries it away with him, and never trusts it out of his keeping. This important question, of the speaker's duty in retaining constant possession of this, which may be called his gilt walking stick, was most gravely decided in the year 1763, as appears by the journals of the house of commons. On that occasion, Sir John Cust, the speaker, being taken ill, sent to tell the house, by the clerk at the table, that he could not take the chair. It appears that there was considerable discussion, whether the mace ought not to have been in the house when this important communication was made. No one, however, presumed to say that it ought to have been on the table, but many maintained that it ought, for the dignity of the house, to have been underneath it. It was decided, however, that Mr. Speaker had done quite right not to part with his bauble; and the house accordingly, as the journals inform us, "adjourned themselves without the mace." For a member to cross between the chair and the mace when it is taken from the table by the sergeant at arms, is an offence which it is the speaker's duty to reprimand.—*Book of Table Talk.*

Pitt's Powers of Sleep.—However violent might have been the previous agitation of Pitt's mind, yet in a very few minutes after he had laid his head on the pillow, he never failed to sink into profound repose. So difficult, indeed, was it to awake him, that his valet usually shook him before he could be roused from his sleep. One of his private secretaries used to affirm that no intelligence, however distressing, had power sufficient to break his rest. On that account, he never locked or bolted the door of his bed-chamber. I recollect a circumstance which took place several years subsequent to this time—it happened in 1796, strongly corroborative of the above facts. Pitt having been much disturbed by a variety of painful political occurences, drove out to pass the night with Dundas at Wimbleton. After supper, the Minister withdrew to his chamber, having given his servant directions to call him at seven on the ensuing morning. No sooner had he retired, than Dundas, conscious how much his mind stood in need of repose, repaired to his apartment, locked the door, and put the key in his pocket, at the same time enjoining the valet on no consideration to disturb his master, but allow him to sleep as long as nature required. It is a truth that Pitt neither awoke nor called by any person, till half-past four in the afternoon of the following day; when Dundas entering his room, together with his servant, found him still in so deep a sleep that it became necessary to shake him in order to awake him. He slept uninterruptedly during more than sixteen hours.—*Wraxall's Memoirs.*

Strength of the Turtle.—A party went on shore one night for the purpose of catching turtle, a description of which may not be uninteresting. We left the ship at sunset, and reached the shore about dusk, then hauled the boat from the beach, and when this was done, formed ourselves into two distinct parties, and dispersed to different parts along the beach. Having reached the place where we thought it likely that the turtle would land, we lay down, keeping a sharp look out, and making as little noise as possible. The moon had risen some time, and was shedding her silvery rays on these desolate regions; the opposite coast in the distance, which is very mountainous, and the ship riding at anchor, had together a beautiful effect—the sea was perfectly calm, and every thing appeared to be sleeping in the stillness of the night, and not a whisper being heard among the party—the surf dashing against the rocks, alone breaking the silence of the scene. We were thus all in anxious expectation of the appearance of a turtle and six bells had just gone on board—that is, it was eleven o'clock P. M.—when we saw the first, to our great delight, coming on shore just opposite us. It looked like a black rock moving slowly and steadily out of the water.

We did not interrupt its progress, until it had got some distance upon the beach, when a rush was made towards it, and it was immediately turned over on its back without giving it time either to defend itself or blind its assailants by throwing the sand with its flippers or fins, which they do with such force that it is almost dangerous to come near them. It took six men thus to turn the largest that was caught; and the following incident will further show the immense strength of these animals. One of our men, the gunner, wandered away by himself to the further end of the beach, where he thought to have all the sport to himself, not doubting for a moment that he would be able to turn any turtle which he found; but, on the contrary, to his surprise, not being absent long before espying a large one making towards the beach he allowed it to come up some way, and then ran over to it, and attempted to turn it. All his endeavors were, however, fruitless; and by some means he got his hand between the shell and the neck, which the animal, by drawing in its head, jammed and held there so tight that he could not withdraw it. The turtle then began to crawl towards the sea, dragging the man with it; and he was in imminent danger of being carried off, when he began to call for assistance. Our party was somewhat alarmed at the cries, thinking that some serious accident had happened, and immediately ran towards the place from which the sound proceeded, where we arrived just in time to save the poor fellow from a watery grave. The turtle was close to the edge of the sea, and was carrying him off as if he were nothing; nor was it without some difficulty that we released him from his perilous situation, dragging the turtle above high water mark, and turning it over.—The man got off with only a few bruises, but was much frightened; and we all had a good laugh at him for his adventure.—*Kempthorne's Memoirs on the Eastern Shores of the Persian Gulph.*

The way to cure a Bad Husband.—One farmer Potter, of the Parish of Bow, in Devonshire, a man much inclined to sottishness, having occasion to sell a yoke of oxen, drove them to Crediton fair, about six or seven miles distant—and meeting with a good fair entertainment, and jovial companions, he was mightily in his element, and did not cry to go home, but tarried there some weeks, singing the songs of the drunkard, until at last he was disposed to set out for Bow, and taking his Landlord with him, they soon arrived at the farmer's house, where he expected to meet with a warm reception from his wife; but the good woman had formed a better resolution. Upon the sight of his wife, who came to the door, he accosted her with, "So, Grace, I am returned;" to which she answered, "I see you are, my dear; you are very welcome." "But," said he, "I have brought another man with me." Quoth she, "He is welcome too for your sake." "But, my love," said he, "I have sold my oxen." "My dear," replied she, "you went to the fair for that purpose." "I've spent the money." "If you have," quoth she, "'twas no more than your own."

"But farther than that," said he, "I have gone a score to the amount of forty shillings, and here is my landlord come for it." "If so," said she, "I'll go up stairs and fetch it for him," which she immediately did, and afterwards treating the landlord with a pitcher of cider and a pipe of tobacco, in an amicable manner he took his leave. The farmer being so charmed with the economy of his wife Grace, told her, with tears in his eyes, that he would never do so any more, and declared her his darling, and the best of women; and from thence lived temperate and happy with Dame Grace to the day of his death. But had she stormed him in the manner too many women are went to do on such occasions, there is the greatest probability in the world he would have pursued his vicious course of life, and brought down poor Dame Grace's gray hairs with sorrow to the grave.—*Old paper.*

An Armenian Wedding, the author witnessed in company with Lady Strangford.—We went about 8 o'clock in the evening, and found the house lighted up, and full of the lady's friends, among whom was the priest who was to perform the service, and his wife, both very plain and simple looking persons. We passed through several ante rooms full of people, and were finally ushered into an inner and secluded chamber, round which was a divan. On this sat cross-legged a number of Armenian ladies, two or three deep, and at the far corner was a motionless figure, like a bust in a niche covered with a rich veil, glittering with gold, which hung down on all sides, so as entirely to conceal her figure beneath it. The bust was the bride. Across the room was a line of men, two or three deep, who stood gazing on her in silence. In compliment to our customs, chairs were prepared for us in the neighborhood on which we sat, and continued gazing on her in silence in the same way. To gratify us, the bride permitted her veil to be raised a little; it was instantly dropped again, but the glimpse we had showed us a slight figure and pale face, with a countenance exceedingly pensive and joyless. Her companions, however, were of a different character. They were all unveiled, and displayed faces radiant with beauty and cheerfulness. Some of them were exceedingly lovely, crowned with coronets of gold, and their long hair floated about them in extraordinary profusion down to the divan, like the veil of the bride. Though seemingly in high spirits, they spoke in whispers, and all their motions were tempered by gentleness and modesty. After some refreshments and music, an open space was cleared before the bride, on which two embroidered mats were laid. On them was placed two enormous candlesticks containing wax tapers of a proportionable size and between them was a third, of still greater magnitude, without a stand, but bound upright to the other two by ribbons. This mysterious emblem was called the "nuptial taper." It represented the maiden state of the girl, and was to burn until that state expired. It was then extinguished, and kept as a relic by the family. The stuff of the wick became the perquisite of the priest, who attributed to it many conjugal virtues. The priest was now called on to perform another important ceremony. A low table was placed near the nuptial taper, covered with a white cloth. The priest took from his bosom a small crucifix, and waving it several times in the air over the table, he uttered a benediction and concluded with a psalm. We were curious to see what mystery was under the cloth. It was slowly lifted up, and there appeared a rich shawl, which was taken up and wrapped about the bride. This ceremony was deemed one of the most important parts of the marriage service, and is called "Blessing the nuptial shawl." When these and other rites were over, we expected to see the bridegroom, but he never appeared. He was down at the Galata enjoying himself with his friends; nor was it till the end of the three days that the bride was carried to him wrapped up in her shawl, like a child in swaddling clothes, when the husband saw her for the first time, and the final ceremony was performed.

Education of Children.—We would rather, infinitely rather, see a child of six or seven years hale and strong, with a clear ruddy skin, and the other marks of a sound physical education, who had not been sent to learn his letters, and could not distinguish A from B, than we would see one pale, delicate looking, lethargic in his movements, even though he could repeat whole pages by rote, aye, or even—and we once knew such an instance—read Homer with his father. In looking forward to their future lives—giving them the same facilities for acquiring information, and supposing the original formation of the brain to be much of the same in them both—we would unhesitatingly give it as our opinion, that in no long run, the former would distance the latter in mental capacity, and distinguish himself more in whatever path of intellectual usefulness he might be placed.—*Mag. of Health.*

Lord H——.—"The Clock struck first."—George the III. was extremely punctual, and expected punctuality from every one in this respect. The late Lord H—k—e was the most punctual person who attended on his Majesty; he never was a second behind his time. He had an appointment one day with the King at Windsor, at twelve o'clock; on passing the hall the clock struck twelve, on which his lordship, in his rage at being a minute too late, raised his cane and broke the glass of the clock. The King reminded him that he was a little beyond his time, which he excused as well as he could. At his next audience the King, as he entered the room, exclaimed, "Why H—k—e! H—k—e! how came you to strike the clock!"—"The clock struck first, your Majesty!" The King laughed heartily at the grave manner in which Lord H. justified himself, the mock solemnity of the answer adding zest to the bon mot.

From the Portland Advertiser.

BROOKS' LETTERS.

Things in Florence.

No. LXXXVIII. Nov. 1835.

Beyond the Lake, upon our road, we reached at last the confines of the papal dominions. The Lazaretto where the victims of the quarantine had been lately incarcerated, we passed with a glorious blessing on the happy fortune that had saved us from such a prison. Our passports were inspected, found to be in order, and signed—and at last, we were beyond the dominions of the Pope. Sure I am, that I never quitted any dominions with greater pleasure. The palace on them is the most early and most provoking I have ever seen. The country seems to be the most wretchedly governed of any in Europe. The people are discontented, and miserably poor. The soldiers are a caricature of the very name. To say in other states hereabout, that such a soldier is a soldier of the Pope, is to call him a coward and a sloven, and to abuse him in the strongest terms. Our militia will vote out a specimen of these defenders of the Papal States. It may be funny, but we all thought we could see a difference in the cultivation of the land, or the people, and the military, the moment we passed the papal line, and got into the Tuscan dominions. Though the Duke of Tuscany rules despotically over his little dominion, yet his subjects are contented with him.—His government is for the good of his people, and is wisely administered. Certain it is that the custom house officers were none of the surly gang that we had so often met in the Pope's dominions. The police were civilized, and would give civilized answers. Throngs of beggars did not hang round our coach. Strangers seemed to be welcomed, and there were facilities for going along.

The Etruscan or Tuscan dominions, through which we were passing, was once the centre of all that was known of civilization, even when Athens was rude, and Rome did not exist—which at last spread over Europe, and is now redeeming all America from the savage grasp. The rocky heights of Cortona we passed without ascending, once a city of the Pelasgi.—Arezzo, the birth place of Petrarch and Maecenas—in remote ages one of the strongest cities of the Etruscan confederacy, we approached in the shades of evening through a country of increasing history and beauty. Worn as my eyes had been for so many days past with the miserable cultivation of what might be made a most lovely country, it was with joy that I saw the contrast here, even in some of the hints of autumn, when the vine no longer flourished, and the olive looked sober and mournful. Night came upon us, and the earth, mantled in darkness as it was, of course we saw no more. A trooper, as is customary in all Italy, rode at our side from evening till we entered the gates of Florence in early morning. No diligence nor courier ventures abroad, after dark, without this guard. The sound of his horse's hoofs is ever mingled with your slumbers, and the glitter of his armor confuses your sleeping visions. The post boys and horses are changed every ten or twelve miles as with us, but the conductor or the driver, who, however, does not touch a rein nor a horse, keeps on with the carriage, conducting, and giving orders, respecting it. The conductor is on or in the coach, and sleeps between the posts, when a new set of post boys and a new set of horses relieves the last, and as the boys mount the horses backs and snap their whips, the conductor goes to sleep again. Thus we journeyed on during the night to the gates of Florence, which we reached long before day. The sentinel bailed us, and let us in. Our passports were demanded and given up. We moved to the custom-house, and a little fee saved our baggage from examination. We paid the fees of the postillions, and gave the courier his buona mana, and when all was included, our bill was nearly fourteen dollars each, for journeying a little over one hundred miles.

You see in these details how much it costs in Italy to move quick, and you see also what afflictions of custom-house, police, guards, gates, &c. we are free from in our country now united, and not split up into different states as Italy is—for with us one government rules all, and education and intelligence are endeavored to be diffused among all the people. But when we boast of what we are, let us remember what Italy was, and learn lessons from her downfall. Our destiny will be as fatal as hers, unless her lessons are heeded to, and impressed upon us. This beautiful city upon the Arno, this land fit for gods and goddesses—what was it once, when the standard of liberty floated upon its towers, and when its voice and its arm rallied all others, and drove back the tyrants, with the myrmidons in their train! Arts had their home here. Man grew strong in such a land, and its church of Santa Croce holds the ashes of some of the most illustrious of the mighty dead. The government is not bad now—it is a good government in its way, but it is not free, and thus the day of its glory is over.

"But Arno wins us to the fair white walls,
Where the Etrurian Athens claims and keeps
A softer feeling for her fairy halls,
Girt by her theatre of hills, she reaps
Her corn, and wine, and oil, and plenty leaps
To laughing life, with her redundant horn.
Along the banks where smiling Arno sweeps
Was modern luxury of commerce born,
And buried learning rose, redeemed to a new morn."
B.

Things in Florence.

No. LXXXIX. Nov. 1835.

Florence is one of the three cities of Italy which are at present the most renowned for the possession of the arts, and of the great relics of antiquity. It is a city in which strangers love to make long tarries, and where they are well paid for that tarry in what they can see, study and learn. The Italian here is spoken with uncommon elegance and delicacy, and all things considered, it is perhaps the best school in Italy for the person who seeks an acquaintance with the language. Unfortunately, I am in the temperament at the present moment which unfits me for the enjoyment of its arts—a study of arts and antiquities for three months in Italy, and a constant journey of nearly five months upon the continent, compelling me to think that quiet and rest are the greatest of all enjoyments. The American who goes down the Peninsula of Italy by the way of Florence, will enter the city with far different feelings; for his feelings will be fresh, and not satiated and wearied by constant observation.—Again I am compelled to feel the truth of the remark, that no man ought ever to journey more than three months at one time.

The first thing that strikes the traveller in returning from Southern Italy, is the new appearance of the architecture of Florence. It has a Gothic or a barbaric air to which his eyes have not been for some time accustomed, and he is soon impressed with the idea that he is not in a city of remote antiquity, but in a city of the middle ages. Yet there is an elegance, an ornament and art about it, which distinguish it from other cities he may have seen, and so marked is this elegance of ornament, that I have imagined that the history of the city was written, as it were, upon the buildings that stand in its streets. The great facade and portico have given way to such fortresses as were at times so necessary to the defence of liberty, or of a man's own house; and yet these fortresses, strong and massive as they are, have an air of grandeur and beauty that puts them far above a common castle. The Duomo, or Cathedral of Florence, is one of the most interesting and ancient cathedrals of Italy. Its cupola was the admiration of Michael Angelo, who was wont to say that art could scarcely imitate and never rival it. A hundred and fifty years it was in building, and monuments, inscriptions, sculptures, and paintings adorn it in every quarter. The Campanile, or belfry which is by its side—nor upon it, as ours are—is one of the most beautiful toys of architecture my eyes ever beheld, and in itself, it amply continues the idea that in Grecian forms is all the beauty of architectural proportion. This tower rises to the height of 280 feet, overlooking the city, and it is incrusted with precious marbles, worked into groupings of every kind and name. The *Baptisterio* or Baptistery, near the Duomo and the Campanile, is also another beautiful toy. The gates of this structure are, however, its chief attraction, for they are of bronze, and as beautiful as the art and the genius of the best Florentine ever could make them. Copies are now being taken of one for the King of France, who has indeed his artists all over Italy, and who is thus running in the career of Bonaparte, perhaps hoping like him to please the Parisian pride with copies of trophies, when trophies cannot be won. The Duomo is a Tuscan-Gothic edifice. The Campanile is a Greco-Arabia-Gothic tower. The Baptistery is of an octangular form, with a dome somewhat like the Pantheon at Rome. The walls of this singular temple, both outside and inside, are incrusted with sculpture by the most eminent artists of the day in which it was built. Two porphyry columns rise before the principal entrance, given in the year 1117 by the Pisans to the Florentines, and an iron chain, suspended from its wall, is a trophy of the conquest of the Florentines over the Pisans in the year 1362. These were the chains of the Port of Pisa.

The statues, portraits and monuments of the celebrated characters of the once renowned, and the once formidable Florentine republic, are to be seen within the walls of its Duomo, but the monuments of its illustrious dead are in the church of Santa Croce, which the people call the Pantheon of Florence—and which is to Florence as Westminster Abbey to England.—The outward walls of this far-famed church are rough, unfinished and dark. It is one of those gigantic creations that a people think of when they are strong, but which they find themselves too feeble to execute, when age or corruption has come upon them. It has none of the look of the rich and the gemmed churches of Rome, and yet the moment the stranger enters its long drawn aisles, he feels that there is a solemnity within them that marble and mosaics, and gold and gilt can never give. But architecture is not its attraction, nor aught that man has piled up within it, except these ranges of monuments which commemorate the fame of some of the greatest men whom all times has produced. The tomb of Michael Angelo is here.—The name of Michael Angelo Bonarotti, is inscribed upon the base, and his bust is upon the sarcophagus. Before this tomb, the steps of Alfieri were arrested, when unknown and as a stranger he wandered through the church, and the sight of it he tells us, with the reflections to which it gave birth, was his first stimulus to ambition, in the pursuit of that immortal fame with which the world has crowned his life. But close to the tomb which was his inspiration, is now the mausoleum of Alfieri himself. It represents Italy crowned, mourning at the sarcophagus of a poet, and is enriched by a basso-relievo head of Alfieri, and adorned with appropriate laurel wreaths, lyres and masks. The work is by Canova.

Alfieri was the Byron of Italy, with his vices and his genius, and his pride, and almost his principles too. A nobleman, he distinguished himself from the herd by his pen. A lover, the wife of a British Peer was his mistress, and the widow of a legitimate king, the Countess of Albany of the royal blood of the Stuarts, his consort, or "*Lamia Donna*," as he styles her.—A writer,—he denounced aristocracy, and yet was an aristocrat himself. But his genius has immortalized him; Italy owns his power,—and he goes down to posterity in company with him, who planned the Dome of St. Peters, and whose chisel and whose pencil have astonished mankind. Machiavel's name and his epitaph next arrest the attention. "To such a name," says his epitaph in Italian, "no eulogium is adequate." I was surprised at this. The word *Machiavellian* has ever been associated in my mind, I know not how, with all that is most despicable in that literature, which administers to the wants of tyranny, but such an eulogium has put me upon an inquiry, and I can now feel, that to such a man no eulogium is adequate. For Machiavel suffered for freedom, and for the Republic of Florence, and died in poverty after twice conspiring against its tyrants. Galileo's bones are also here, now honored, and with a fame so proudly known even in that land which condemned him to prison for demonstrating that the world moved round the sun, and which forced him publicly to declare on his knees, that his system was false, and that the world did not move:—thus showing again how the world may do injustice to the living, and persecute them even unto death, while they will rally over, and weep amid the remains of those living, even when they are in the tomb. His monument now declares that in his day, he was incomparable; and yet notwithstanding he was the inventor of the telescope, the observer of the phases of Venus, and the investigator of the movement of the pendulum, and the verifier of the theory of the Heavens, yet he died under the anathema of the church and his sovereign, blind, and poor, and in exile!

The remains of other great men are here, but those of whom I have spoken are best known to fame in our far-off land; and thousands of other things drawing me onward, leave me but little time to wander or muse in the sacred precincts of Santa Croce. Dante was a son of Florence, but this Pantheon of theirs, has no remains of his, though the Florentines, who banished him, have made every effort to bring back his bones to the city which gave him birth. Ravenna has lost his remains. This city was his asylum and his grave. The people who adopted him living, refuse to give him up dead;—and thus is ungrateful Florence justly punished for driving from its walls this champion of liberty, this matchless poet, this man who made a language, and whose fancy invigorated it with life. Few cities are there, which can boast of such men as the Republic of Florence, in those happy and illustrious days, when freemen bore their own standard, with their own strong arms, and when that Liberty which is a goddess of more than Apollian power, inspired men with soul as it did with strength and valor. I love to dwell with such thoughts as I look upon, and think over the histories of States once free, for they seem to me to refute the idea so prevalent, that in Republics, the arts must suffer, and genius go unknown, for I believe that just the reverse is true, and when the dead despotisms can show me such a people as the Grecian and Roman republicans were, or the living ones have of their own creation such churches within them as is the Pantheon of Florence, or the Westminster Abbey of England, then I will believe that man's powers are better developed when he is hampered at every corner he turns, than in a country, where the very excitement of liberty stimulates and drives every faculty, both physical and intellectual, into the most extraordinary action. It may be an over-ardent love of my own land that sharpens my eyes, but nevertheless, I think I see in it, the exercise of the same principles, and the same causes that have driven other Republics to the patronage of arts and of literature, and that such is our destiny, which we could not avert if we would.—Our days of the Medici, our Lorenzos the Magnificent, have not yet come, but the same commerce that flourished in Florence, and transformed its merchants into Medici, is acting upon us, and in due time, the Lorenzos must come. This city of the Medici was but a city of merchants, and traders, and mechanics. Every vestige of aristocracy was rooted out. Not a Ghibelline found favor in the eyes of the Guelphs. And yet what a treasury of the arts it is and was! What a bright fame it has! How proud may a Florentine feel of his ancestry, who at one time fought all the battles of Italy, driving the German on one side, and the Pope on the other, and the Ghibelline aristocracy upon all!
B.

Admiral Nelson in 1779.—Capt. Chamier, in his "Ben Brace, the Last of the Agamemnons," gives the following vivid description of the amputation of Nelson's arm:—

"No sooner had Nelson been examined by the surgeon than immediate amputation was recommended. I undressed him myself, and laid him down on the cabin table, making him as comfortable as possible; but the wound was one which must have been dreadfully painful, for the bone was shattered to pieces, and I never remember to have seen such a fracture before.—'I'm ready,' said Nelson; 'so, doctor despatch. You know business too well for me to fear, or you to cause useless pain.' I thought I should have dropped when I saw the first cut. I watched my admiral's face, for I had mixed some wine and water in case he should require it; and I know how grateful is the least drop when a wounded man calls aloud for drink. I have seen men at the gangway, who took no immediate heed as the boatswain's mate's cat, as it whizzed through the air and fell with cutting violence on the bare back; I have seen men receive dozens, without expressing the slightest murmur: but when they asked for water, if it is not brought, I have heard how pettishly they continued the demand;—and that's the reason I always keep my throat moist, for I do not wait to allow my curiosity to get better of my comfort. Nelson's face never moved. His lips, it is true were closely pressed together, but that I have been told is a strong sign of determination. His cheeks were pale from the loss of blood; and he appeared faint from the exertion of rescuing some of the men whom he saved from the Fox. Oh! how I felt when I saw the long knife, bright as the pinnacle-lamp, dazzling all around. Nelson looked at it, and in a moment it was down to the bone, right round and round the arm. He did not flinch from this; but just before, when the surgeon drew the skin back, he looked up. Then came the saw; and I'm blessed if the carpenter sawing off the heel of a studding-sail boom could have set to work with more coolness than the doctor. Off fell the limb—Nelson's good right arm; one that in the attack, not a month previous with the Spanish gun-boats, had defended its owner, and saved his life, as well, perhaps, as John Sykes's skull. In taking up the arteries, the surgeon, in his haste, took up a nerve, and bound the two together with a piece of silk thread; and this caused the torture months after, which at the time did not increase the suffering. No sooner was the limb dressed—the knives removed—the assistant surgeon despatched to look for others, than up gets the admiral; and, 'Brace,' says he 'get some paper, and write down the despatch as I tell you.' And it's as true as the Gospel; he told me every word, and held the paper and read it himself, to see that it was all correct, although it was eleven o'clock at night before it was finished."

The World before the Flood.—Baron Cuvier, the celebrated French philosopher and naturalist, after the most patient and laborious search, came to the conclusion that no human bones have ever been found in those regular deposits made by the subsidence of the waters of the deluge. From the phenomena of the earth he argues that a great revolution took place upon its surface less than 5 or 6000 years ago, by which countries then inhabited were buried and concealed, while the countries now inhabited were formed from the bottom of the former waters, thus accounting for the marine shells and petrifactions found almost every where, even on the tops of the highest mountains.

There is a thought of deep and dreadful solemnity connected with these facts. "The fountains of the great deep," at the deluge, "were broken up" and "the eternity of waters" rose against rebellious man. The living world were drowned, with the lone exception contained in the heaven sustained ark, which floated over the face of an ocean, the most gloomy and troubled that ever rolled over a shoreless orb. And the awful curse stopped not there! Man was buried too, and too deep for that wide mountain-covered grave ever to reveal its dead until the heart of the old and crazy earth shall break in the judgment agony, and pour out, in the face of the morning of eternal day, the millions she has entombed in her central chambers. The burial of the old world was deep and affecting. Not one poor frame of a man who despised the warnings of Noah has ever reflected the sunshine of the new world which arose from the bottom of a hundred seas, after that awful baptism and purification by water. No man hath seen a relic of the dead men who lived in the world before the flood.—*Christian Herald.*

Good advice.—Never cut a piece out of a newspaper until you have looked on the other side, where perhaps you may find something more valuable than that which you intended to appropriate.

Never put salt in your soup before you have tasted it. I have known gentlemen very much enraged by doing so.

Never burn your fingers if you can help it. People burn their fingers every day, when they might have escaped if they had been careful.

Let no gentleman ever quarrel with a woman. If you are troubled with her, retreat. If she abuse you, be silent. If she tear your cloak off, give her your coat. If she box your ears, bow. If she tear your eyes out, *feel* your way to the door—but fly.

Don't put your feet on the table. True, the members of Congress do so, but you are not a member of Congress.

If you form one of a large mixed company, and a diffident stranger enter the room and take his seat among you, say something to him for Heaven's sake, even though it be only, "Fine evening, sir." Do not let him sit bolt upright, suffering all the agonies of bashfulness, without any relief. Ask him how he has been—tell him you know his friends and so and so—any thing will do to break the icy stiffness in which very decent fellows are sometimes frozen in their debut before a new circle.

Lady's Rock.—Near the old castle of Duart, in the Isle of Mull, rises on a level with the water the small island or rock called the Lady's Rock; which name is said to have originated in the following adventure; Maclean, Lord of Duart, having married a sister of the Earl of Argyle, and suspecting his wife of infidelity, exposed her on this rock to be devoured by the monsters of the ocean, or engulphed by the tide. This lovely unfortunate victim of the jealousy of Maclean, saw the waves approaching which were about to hurry her into the deep, the sea having already reached the summit of the rock; when a fortunate chance brought a boat into the strait, in which was Argyle himself. The cries of a female led him towards the rock; he recognised his sister, and having reached her, bore her to his castle. He afterwards avenged her wrongs by killing her persecutor in a desperate combat fought in the presence of the King of Scotland.

THE RURAL ECONOMIST.

From the Frankfort (Ky.) Commonwealth.

AN EXTRAORDINARY NATURAL PRODUCTION.

We have now in our office, (where our citizens and farmers are requested to call and see it,) a most singular species of corn. The history of this rare freak of nature is substantially as follows.—About three years ago, a Mr. Carrico, living in Galatin county, Kentucky, planted some of the common Indian corn in the neighborhood of a swampy piece of land which was grown over with a thick strong grass resembling sedge grass. In the fall of the year when he was gathering his corn, he was surprised to find that ears of corn were growing and ripening upon the grass, and that on the blades of the grass separate grains were growing. Struck by the singularity of the circumstance, he carefully preserved the grains and planted them in the next spring.—The result was extraordinary, producing a growth partaking of the qualities both of the grass and the corn, and superior to both as forming a third article very advantageous to stock farmers. The stalks in our office present most remarkable appearances. The tassel does not bear any resemblance to the corn tassel, but is more like the heads of coarse grass—the blades are long and very slender, resembling more the blades of oats than of corn. Upon the extremities of these blades, separate grains of corn enclosed in a husk presenting the appearance of hazle-nut burs, are found, and to the bodies of the stalks more perfect ears of corn are attached. The stalks themselves are long and slender and not unlike the wild rye of the country, only stronger and more substantial. We believe that this grain is at least one thing new under the sun, and unlike most novelties, it promises to be useful.

FARMER'S WORK.

Select and preserve good seed.—The seeds of various vegetables are now daily becoming ripe under the eye of the cultivator, and if he does not gather the best, and make the most of useful seeds he neglects one of the most important branches of rural economy. Gather the best seeds only for propagation and let those which are not first rate never be used for planting or sowing.—The dry kinds of seeds are best kept in their own pods or outer coverings; but the seeds of all soft fruits, such as cucumbers, melons, &c. must be cleansed from the pulp and mucilage, which surround them; otherwise the rotting of these parts will spoil the seeds.

When seeds are gathered, it should always be in dry weather; then they should be hung up in bags in a dry room, so as to preserve them from the air.

The selection of seeds depends principally on a proper choice of grains and kernels, as well as roots, from the most vigorous vegetables, growing under our own inspection; for though it be conjectured that the constant cultivation of a particular plant from the same seed, and in the same soil, will at length cause it to degenerate, yet numerous well attested instances have occured, in which the contrary effects have been evident. The more healthy stalks or stems should therefore be selected for bearing seeds; and such as attain maturity at the earliest period of the season ought to be preferred, especially if they grow at a distance from weakly plants of the same species; lest fecundating farina of the latter be blown on the stigmata of the former, and an inferior kind or succession be produced.

The proper time of gathering seeds is the period of their perfect maturity, which may be ascertained by the dryness of the stem; because when the latter begins to decay it becomes bleached by the oxygen of the atmosphere and no further nourishment can then be conveyed to the seed.

CHOLIC IN HORSES.

Mr. Editor,—I herein send you a receipt for curing the cholic in horses. If you think it worthy a place in your journal, you will perhaps confer a service on some of your readers, by giving it publicity.

A few weeks ago, I was travelling into the country. Before I had progressed many miles, my horse showed evidently that he was laboring under cholic. He became quite loose in the bowels, swelled, and was in great agony. Fortunately, I met with a wagoner whose kindness relieved my beast from his illness, and myself from perhaps a long walk. His remedy consisted in tying upon the horse's bit, a piece of *tobacco*.—This being done, he told me I could proceed upon my journey; assured me that the horse would get well before I got one mile, and that he would not be troubled again, while the tobacco remained on the bit. I did as he directed, and to my perfect astonishment, my horse became relieved as soon as he swallowed the saliva created from the tobacco. I am yours, Mr. Editor,
J. B. S.

We think our correspondent must be somewhat mistaken, as to the effects of the tobacco. We are of opinion, that the tobacco used upon the bit, is a preventative of the cholic, in its incipient state; but when once the cholic has been violent upon the animal, we are confident, that a more active remedy must be used. In violent stages of cholic, we have seen tobacco tea given with excellent success.

We have heard of many receipts for this disease with which horses are so frequently plagued; but we venture to assert, that none will be found more simple and sure than the following:

Take of laudanum six or seven table spoonsful—of mustard the larger part of a bottle—mix these in a pint of whiskey or water, and give the mixture in a horn or bottle to the horse. We have seen this dose applied to horses which were so far gone with cholic, as to be perfectly cold and stiff. In one instance, when the horse could not swallow, the mixture was administered with an injection pipe, and the horse recovered in an hour afterwards.

When the severe pain has been alleviated, a dose of oil should be given. One pint will answer as a dose.—*Editor Southern Agriculturist.*

Transplanting in Autumn.—We have observed that many cultivators are afraid to remove a tree in autumn until the leaves have either dropped or turned yellow; but we can assure them that unless the weather be very dry, they may begin with safety, as soon as the sun has crossed the line. We have seen a cherry tree of a good size, in full leaf, and very green,—transplanted exactly at that period, and we have never seen any trees that succeeded better.

We would remark, however, that it was only removed about 30 rods, and the fibrous roots had no opportunity to wither.

We are satisfied that trees transplanted early in autumn, are likely to do better than those that are removed late in the season.—The roots will begin to grow, and derive the nourishment from the soil, which protects them, if in any degree tender, against the severities of winter, and in all cases where the *spongioles* can be preserved fresh and uninjured,—but more especially where a considerable portion of the earth can be removed with the roots. The leaves should be carefully retained so that the elaboration of the sap may continue without interruption.

Where the roots have to remain for any considerable time out of the ground, however, we think it would probably be best to remove leaves entirely. We once took up a pear tree in autumn, more than a fortnight before the sun crosses the line, which was wholly deprived of its leaves, and kept about ten days unplanted, without its sustaining the least injury. We supposed it did better from losing its leaves, because the office of these, is to expose the sap to the air and light,—a process which exhales a great quantity of water; and as a constant draft towards the leaves is maintained, and as a corresponding supply can be derived from the roots, we think the effect of the leaves must be partially to exhaust the sap. This reason accords with the practice of some nursery men who remove the leaves from scions in order to preserve them from withering.

ATKINSON'S CASKET.

JUST PUBLISHED.

The OCTOBER Number of Atkinson's Casket, or Gems of Literature, Wit and Sentiment, with the following

EMBELLISHMENTS:

A beautiful plate of the latest Fashions, handsomely colored—Surry Institution, London—Ruins of Balbec, or Baalbec—MUSIC,—"A Mother's Love," sung by Mrs. Rowbotham, in the "West of the Wish-ton-Wish," arranged for the Piano.

CONTENTS.

Description of Plate; Love and Constancy, by E. Burke Fisher; Memoirs; Ambition; The Death of Jesus; Brooks' Letters; Reflections on Death; Robert, the Magnificent Duke of Normandy; An Acquaintance with God the Best Support under Affliction; The Black Cat; The Lament of the Late Empress Josephine; Surry Institution, eng. Ruins of Balbec, or Baalbec, eng.; Future Glory; Lord Brougham; The Flight of Time; Authentic Anecdote; A Beautiful Reflection; Wit and Sentiment.

POETRY.

Birth-day Ode; The Indian's Lament for Philip; Song for the Fourth of July; A Mother's Grief; Epitaph; A Thought; Farewell; Reminiscences; The Sepulchre; The Water Cress Girl; Our National Ensign; A Mother's Love, set to Music.

☞ The terms of this popular publication are $2.50 per annum payable in advance, or $3 if not paid within the current year. Twelve numbers make a volume, containing about 750 closely printed pages, to this a title page and index are added at the end of the year. Considering the quality of the engravings, and the large amount of reading matter in the Casket, it is perhaps the cheapest publication of the kind in the United States.

A few copies of the Casket for 1830, '32, '33, '31, '32, '33 '34 and '35, containing an extensive variety of splendid engravings, remain on hand, which may be obtained on application at this office. Address (post paid),
SAMUEL C. ATKINSON, Publisher,
oct 8 — 38 Carter's Alley, Philada.

R. S. Gilbert,
ENGRAVER ON WOOD—NO. 38 NORTH STREET,
[illegible]

Six Years in the Monasteries
OF ITALY.
By Rev. S. J. Mahoney, late a Capuchin Friar.

EDWARD C. BIDDLE, No. 23 Minor street, has in press and will shortly publish—Six Years in the Monasteries of Italy, and Two Years in the Islands of the Mediterranean and Asia Minor, containing a view of the manners and customs of the Popish Clergy in Ireland, France, Italy, Malta, Corfu, Zante, Smyrna, &c. with anecdotes and remarks, illustrating some of the peculiar doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church. By Rev. S. J. Mahoney, late a Capuchin Friar in the Convent of Immaculate Conception at Rome.

"A superstitious worship is not pleasing to God."
jy 16—tf — Greek Proverb.

Rev. B. Hibbard's
CARMINATIVE SALVE.

THIS Salve for upwards of thirty years has been employed in curing phlegmonous and other painful affections, as Felons, Biles, Bruises, Sprains, Ulcers, Carbuncles, Ague in the face, occasioned by cold or decayed teeth—Ague in the breast, Milk Cake, painful glandular swellings, Scrofula or King's Evil, Stiff Neck, Ear ache, Chilblains or Frosted Feet and hands, Corns on the feet, Salt Rheum, Burns, Scalds, Rheumatic pains of the joints, attended with swelling, and painful affections generally.—The penetrating and outward easy powers possessed by this salve, induced the proprietor to give to it the name—Carminative—being derived from carmen a verse, (because charms usually consisted of a verse) therefore physicians in ancient times applied the term to those remedies which were supposed to possess the power of a charm in allaying pain. Many physicians have prescribed the salve with decided advantage in a variety of acute and chronic disorders, in relieving the pain of old fractured bones, Callous tumors, Nodes, indurated or hardened swellings, Erysipelas or St. Anthony's Fire. It has also been employed with great benefit as a strengthening plaster for weakness of the chest, back or side, and also in the various affections of the lungs, Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Catarrh, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Hives or Croup, &c. &c. &c. In Milk Cake, and Ague of the Breast, this salve will be found a speedy and certain cure. The proprietor has applied it in many hundred cases of the kind some of the most painful description, and in no one case has he ever known it to fail of relieving the pain in a few hours, and in a few days perfecting a cure. Directions accompany each box. Price two shillings. Also,

REV. B. HIBBARD'S VEGETABLE ANTI-BILLIOUS FAMILY PILLS.—These Pills have become known to the public entirely by their virtues. Their powerful influence in relieving and curing diseases, have been so repeatedly tested, that the proprietor is induced to comply with the solicitation of friends in thus noticing them, extending thereby a knowledge of the means of relief to the public generally. They are highly appreciated for the relief they afford in affections of the Liver and Digestive Organs. The worst cases of Chronic Dyspepsia, Inveterate Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspeptic Consumption, Rheumatism, Nervous or Sick Head Ache, and Scurvy, have been entirely cured by a proper use of them. Also, Liver Complaint, Fever and Ague, Bilious Fever, Jaundice, Dysentery or Bloody Flux, the premonitory symptoms of Cholera, Dropsical Swellings, Piles, Worms in Children, Fits, Looseness and irregularity of the Bowels, occasioned by irritation, teething, &c. &c. They act as an alterative, cathartic, or laxative, according to the manner of taking them. Families having occasion to test its efficacy, will ever after esteem them too highly to be without them. Particular attention should be given to the ample directions which accompany them. Twenty pills in a box—each pill is a dose for an adult. Price 50 cents.

☞ Orders (post paid), for the above articles, promptly executed by T. R. Hibbard, my principal Agent, No. 226 Bowery, New York. A suitable discount allowed to those who purchase to sell again. — B. HIBBARD.

Also for sale by
Frederick Brown, N. E. cor. Fifth and Chesnut streets.
J. Gilder & Co. S. W. corner of Chesnut and 13th sts.
Isaac Thompson, Apothecary, corner of Market and 9d.
Gideon Cox, Variety Store, Nos. 336 and 337 Market st.
D. Parish, S. W. cor. of 8th and Arch street.
H. Gates, Germantown, Pa.
George S. Clemens, 187 N. 3d, 1 door above Wood st.
my 24—6m*

AUCTION & COMMISSION HOUSE,
By Wm. Montgomery,
CHICAGO—ILLINOIS.
jan 2 '36—ly

At Private Sale.

THE Subscriber offers for sale, a HANDSOME GRAIN and GRASS FARM, near Woodbury, in Gloucester county, N. J. one mile from Woodbury, on the road leading to the Delaware, containing 135 acres of first quality land, in a good state of cultivation. The improvements are a large and convenient dwelling house, with 2 parlors and entry on the first floor, 3 convenient rooms on the second, and two on the third floor, with a large kitchen cellar under the whole, wash house and pump attached to it. Large and convenient barn, crib house, blacksmith's shop, and other necessary out buildings. Two large apple orchards, of selected fruit, peaches, plumbs, &c. The above described farm will be worth the attention of any person wishing to purchase. Apply to the subscriber, on the premises. — JOSEPH STOKES.
sep 17—tf*

To the Ladies.

A CHANCE for great bargains, at the Western Dry Goods Store, No. 284 Market street, below Eighth.

Just received from New York, and opened this morning, an extensive assortment of merino shawls, silk, Irish linens and lawns, cambrick handkerchiefs and silk velvet saved from the wreck of a vessel at New York, which will be sold for less than half the original cost. Also, 1 case sup. fine fresh linens, slightly stained without 75 pr. fine Irish linen, only 25; 8-4 Scotch merino shawls, 8-4 black brocade shawls 3.5; 75 doz. rich Thibet shawls, and French and English merinoes; 1 case first quality striped and plaid gro d'Swiss; 25-4 black and blue black silks, satins and Florence, of all colors, embroidered silk [illegible] collars and capes, &c. &c. [illegible] all colors, gauze and ribbons of all kinds; 100 p. 3-4 and 6-4 French chintz, cambric [illegible] book and plaid muslin gilt head [illegible] shirts, black, white and red merino shawls, short collars [illegible] hose, &c. [illegible] flannel, cloths, cassimeres, sattinetts, vestings, [illegible] leather belts, blankets and muslins. Ladies and gentlemen will please to give us a call before purchasing elsewhere, as we are determined to sell our goods at 25 per cent cheaper than can be bought in the city. We purchase all our goods at the New York auctions at the lowest prices. — sep 17—tf*

Prolapsus Uteri.

DR. A. G. HULL'S Abdominal Supporter is offered to those afflicted with diseases depending upon relaxation of the Abdominal Muscles, as an instrument in every way calculated for relief and permanent restoration to health. The instrument is of simple construction, and can be applied by the patient without further aid.

The Faculty of Philadelphia are invited to call at the Agency, No. 48 north 8th street, and examine this instrument.

Orders for the Abdominal Supporter, and for Dr. Hull's Genuine Trusses, received at the same place.

In consequence of the numerous frauds practised on the public, the proprietor will affix his signature to every Truss sent from his office. — AMOS G. HULL, M. D.
Office Astor's Hotel, No. 1 Vesey street, New York.
jy 23—3m

Jacob Sennell,
Brass Steel and Cane Reed Manufactor,
166 *North Second Street, Philadelphia.*

THIS improved Cane Reed, for which he received a patent from the United States, he warrants to be superior in all respects to those made on the old plan.

An assortment of Reeds and Heddles, for city and country work, constantly on hand.

Also, a large supply of Reeds, suitable for country merchants.

Brass and Steel Reeds, made to order at the shortest notice, all of which he warrants to be of the best quality, and sold at the lowest prices.

A general assortment of first quality Warp, Heddle Yarn, sold wholesale and retail. — [illegible]

S. W. Sexton & Co.
WHOLESALE
CLOTHING STORE,
No. 242 Market Street.
sep 10—1y'37

Society for the Encouragement OF FAITHFUL DOMESTICS.

CAPABLE persons, male and female, wanting situations as Cooks, Waiters, Chambermaids, Child's Nurses, Seamstresses, &c. may procure good places, in respectable families, without any charge by application at the Society's Office, at the north west corner of 5th and Minor street. It is requisite that applicants should bring written recommendations of good character. — sep 10—3t

Andalusia Boarding School,
FOR BOYS—TO COMMENCE 1st Mo. 5th 1836.

SITUATED on the Bristol Turnpike, one-fourth of a mile below Cornwell's Tavern, half a mile from the Halfway House on the Philadelphia and Trenton Railroad, and two and one-fourth miles from Byberry Meeting House. The situation is pleasant and healthy, and the house large and well adapted to the purpose.

Pupils in this School will receive instruction in Orthography, Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, Geometry, Mensuration, surveying, English Grammar, Composition, Geography with the use of Globes, Drawing of Maps, History, Chemistry, Natural Philosophy and Botany.

The terms of admission will be $25 per quarter of 12 weeks, payable in advance for board and tuition, and 37½ cts. per doz. for washing and mending. From 10 Mo. 1st to 4 Mo. 1st, 75 cents per quarter will be charged for fuel and lights. Pupils to furnish their own towels. Stationary supplied at City prices. A vacation of 4 weeks will be given during the 8th Month. The subscriber does not contemplate admitting pupils of more than 12 years of age, or more than twenty in number.
HOWARD L. TREGO.

REFERENCES.—In Byberry—Justice Walton, Israel Walton, John P. Townsend, Oliver Parry, Esq. Dr. Isaac Comly, Watson Comly, John Wildman, and Jesse James. In Philadelphia—Charles B. Treno, No. 188 Pine street, and Henry M. Zollickoffer, N. E. corner of Pine and 6th
oct 1—3t*sew

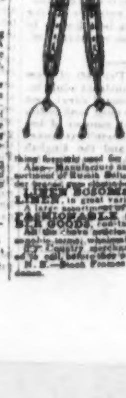
NO. 57 NORTH EIGHTH ST.

NEAR Arch st.—Entrance both from Hobsiver's Court and Eighth street.

Dr. HUET'S
Medical House.

For relief of particular diseases, without Mercury or Copaiva. The Dr. may be consulted from morning until 11 o'clock at night.

N. B.—Patients can be boarded at the establishment if desired. — nov 7 '36—1y*



Philadelphia
SUSPENDER & STOCK
MANUFACTORY,
No. 20 South Fourth street, below Market St.

A. L. VANHORN & SON, respectfully inform the Western and Southern Merchants, that they manufacture and have constantly on hand, an extensive assortment of SUSPENDERS AND STOCKS, made in the most improved and fashionable styles.

SUSPENDERS—Manufactured of Silk, Cotton, Worsted and Gum Elastic, of various qualities.

STOCKS—Made in the most fashionable styles, on the best English frames, of Silk, Satin, Mohair, Bombazine, velvet, &c. and warranted in point of workmanship, quality and shape, inferior to none made.

ALSO—SILK & BRISTLE STOCKS—A neat and excellent article, adapted to summer wear—a large assortment of them on hand, comprising a great variety of patterns, [illegible]

Also—Manufacturers and have constantly on hand, an assortment of Russia Belts, [illegible]

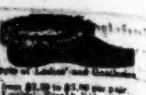
LINEN BOSOMS & COLLARS, and ready made LINEN, in great variety.

FASHIONABLE CORSETS, & INDIA RUBBER GOODS, [illegible]

☞ Country merchants in general, are respectfully invited to call before they purchase elsewhere. [illegible]

N. B.—Bank Notes and Sashes for sale [illegible] may 2 '36—1y*

GUM
ELASTIC
Over Shoes.



JUST received, a fresh supply of Ladies' and Gentlemen's Gum Elastic Over Shoes.

Also—Gentlemen's Boots, from $2.50 to $5.00 per pair.

Also—A good supply of Ladies' French Kid, and all kinds of Shoes. — SAML. D. BREED,
april 3 '34—tf — No. 13 North Eighth street.

Wanted.

A NUMBER of persons wanted to make fine shirts and vests. Apply at BROWNE, ROBB & Co. No. 8 Franklin Place. — aug 13—tf

Cure for Bowel Complaint.

D. JAYNE'S CARMINATIVE BALSAM, a safe and effectual remedy for most diseases of the Stomach and Bowels, such as Diarrhea or Looseness, Cholera Morbus, Cramp Cholic, Vomiting, Pains in the Stomach and Bowels, Sick Headache, &c. and that frequent and fatal malady among children, called Cholera Infantum, or SUMMER COMPLAINT.

It is recommended by a great many physicians, clergymen, and families of the first respectability, who have repeatedly used it, and give their certificates of its utility to the proprietor, which may be seen by calling on any of the agents for the sale of this medicine. Among them will be found the names of Dr. Dodson, Philadelphia; Dr. C. [illegible]; Dr. L. Lawrence, Cedarville, N. J.

Rev. T. J. Kitts, Pastor 6th Baptist Church, Philada.; Rev. William Bacon, [illegible]; Rev. C. J. Hopkins, of Freehold, N. J.; Rev. L. Barber, Reading, Pa. and a host of others, besides the following:—

From Dr. L. M. Knapp, late physician to the Baltimore Dispensary, and agent for the Maryland Vaccine Institution.

Baltimore, March 27th, 1835.

Dr. Jayne—Dear Sir,—You ask me what proofs I meet with of the efficacy of your medicine. I can safely say that I never prescribed a medicine for bowel complaints that has given me so much satisfaction and my patients so speedy and perfect relief, as this. Whenever introduced into a family, it becomes a standard remedy for those ailments, and is called for again and again, which I think a pretty good proof of its efficacy and usefulness. In the summer Complaints of children, it has frequently appeared to snatch the little victims, as it were, from the grave. "It saved the life of my child, and of such and such a child," I have repeatedly heard said. In dysenteric affections of adults, I have time and again seen it act like a charm, and give permanent relief in a few minutes. In fine, it is a valuable medicine, and no family should be without it. Respectfully,
M. L. KNAPP, M. D.

From Dr. William Stirling.

This may certify, that I have used Dr. Jayne's Carminative Balsam very extensively in bowel complaints, and have not the least hesitation in declaring it superior to any preparation that I have met with, for the relief of those diseases.
WILLIAM STIRLING, M. D.

Bridgeton, July 18th, 1835.

For sale by Dr. D. Jayne, sole proprietor, Salem, N. J. Thompson, corner 9d and Market streets. John R. Boswell, No. 199 Market street. F. Williamson, corner 5d and Market. Where also may be had Jayne's INDIAN EXPECTORANT, the most useful medicine ever discovered for Coughs, [illegible]

Life Insurance & Trust Company,
Office No. 159 Chesnut Street.
The Girard Life Insurance Annuity and Trust Company of Philadelphia;
CAPITAL $300,000.

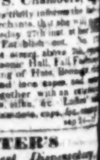
DAILY, [illegible] most favorable terms. [illegible] Annual and Weekly [illegible] applied to the purchase of Policies and the like [illegible] Annuities or Endowments.

Rates of Insurance for $100, at the following Ages.

At the age of	Premium for one year.	Premium for seven years annually.	Premium for whole life annually.
25	$1 00	$1 00	$1 90
30	1 31	1 36	2 36
35	1 36	1 53	2 75
40	1 69	1 73	3 20
45	1 91	1 96	3 73

Office open from 9 o'clock, A. M.
BENJ. W. RICHARDS, President.
GEO. W. ASH, Treasurer.
JNO. F. JAMES, Actuary. — my 7 '36—ly

UMBRELLA
AND
PARASOL
MANUFACTORY,



No. 14 North 3d st. opposite Church Alley
SLEEPER & BROTHER

OFFER for sale, a large stock of UMBRELLAS & PARASOLS, in as great variety, as well manufactured, and at as low prices as any establishment on this side the Atlantic. Also the PATENT FOLDING UMBRELLA, of which they are the inventors and sole manufacturers, adapted to the convenience of persons travelling, [illegible] a common trunk.
Also, Gum Elastic Umbrellas. — my 7—tf

Hide, Oil and Leather Store.

DAVID KIRKPATRICK, No. 21 south Third street, between Market and Chesnut streets, Philadelphia, has for sale, Spanish Hides, dried and salted; Dry and Green Salted Patna Kips, Tanners' Oil, Tanners' and Curriers' Tools, and a general assortment of Leather, finished and in the rough, all of which will be sold low for Cash, or the usual Credit.

☞ All kinds of Leather in the Rough wanted, for which the highest market price will be given, in cash, or taken in exchange for Hides.

** Leather stored free of charge, and sold on Commission. — aug 13—6m

Literary Tailoring.

WARD'S Premium Protractor System, and the Instructions according to the style of each Spring and Fall, will be published hereafter at No. 241 south Ninth street.

Persons residing in Europe or America, within reach of the mail, will be supplied with extra large models and instructions of the system, with reports of Fashions, Out year for ten dollars, sent by mail.

Those already acquainted with the system, will be supplied with the report at five dollars per annum, if paid in advance. — Address Allen Ward.

No. 241 south Ninth street, Philadelphia.
Also on hand for cash only, Inch Measures, Cam Rules, Shears, and Tailor's Order Books.
ap 23 '36—tf

Slaughter's Specific.

FOR the cure of Gonorrhoea. At length the subscriber, J. Slaughter, takes this opportunity of informing the public, that he has appointed GEORGE S. CLEMENS, sole agent for the sale of his celebrated SPECIFIC, known by the name of SLAUGHTER'S SPECIFIC.

The author has found it necessary to [illegible] the manner of putting up the medicine. It is now put up in eight ounce round bottles, sealed, with the Subscriber's signature over the cork. The several kinds are wrapped up in strong paper, with a label on the outside stating for what disease the same is designed, with the subscriber's signature on the same.
JAMES SLAUGHTER, M. D.

The Subscriber having been appointed by Dr. Slaughter, sole agent for the sale of his celebrated Specific, takes pleasure in saying that he will at all times be prepared to furnish the same to the public. The said medicine can be given of its superior efficacy in those diseases for which it is designed, and pamphlets treating on the several diseases, and containing a great number of certificates can be obtained gratis of the subscriber, by whom all orders for the medicine will in future be executed.
GEO. S. CLEMENS,
sep 10—6m — No. 187 north 3d street, Phila.

Elegant Shaving Oil.

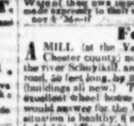
R. JORDAN & CO. have just received a supply of David's Shaving Oil, a very superior article, and convenient for travellers, producing a permanent lather, no caustic properties, and will render the skin soft and velvet.

ALSO—Price & Gosnell's celebrated Ambrosial Cream, for Shaving, a very excellent article, and used by them to a great extent.

ALSO—Patent Chemical Tooth Powder. The Tooth Powder has been approved by the most eminent Physicians and Dentists of Paris; it renders the teeth perfectly white, even though they have been neglected for some time.

For sale by R. JORDAN & Co.
aug 6—tf — S. E. corner 3d and Arch, and N. W. corner 3d and Walnut.

Fall Fashions.



Mrs. S. Chambers, respectfully informs the ladies and merchants, that she will open on Tuesday 27th inst at her Fancy Fashion est. No. Chesnut street, above 5th, opposite Masonic Hall, Fall Fashions consisting of Hats, Bonnets, [illegible] bread and lace caps, &c. and general cases of Paris Millinery, together with an assortment of flowers, ribbons, silks, &c. Ladies' Merchants' orders for dresses, bandeaux, caps, &c. executed at the shortest notice. — sep 24—2t

CARPENTER'S
Family Medicine Chest Dispensatory,

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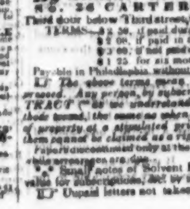

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